

# MASQUE

THE ONCE-GAUDY FANZINE

WHEN I SAID 'TAKE A  
LITTLE OFF THE MIDDLE,'  
I MEANT...



# ROTSLER'S RULES FOR MASQUERADES

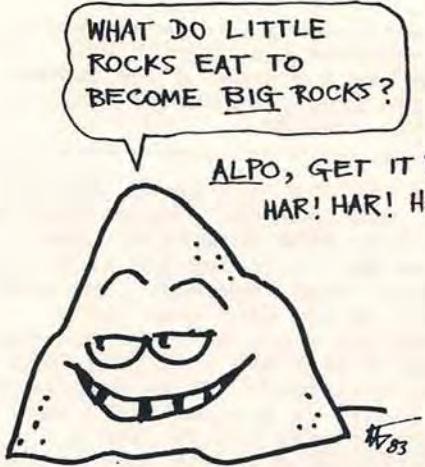
- 1: There should be a weight limit for the purchase of leotards.
- 2: Every contestant should first see himself/herself from the rear.
- 3: Learn to manage your props, accessories and music.
- 4: Select costumes and characters suited to your personality and/or body type.
- 5: No name tags on costumes.
- 6: Thy shoes shall match thy costume.
- 7: Parts of your costume should not be edible or smell. Parts of your costume should not fall off accidentally, brush off against other contestants, or be left lying around on the stage.  
*Kathleen Sky's Corollary:* Multiple any discomfort you have wearing the costume by the number of hours you are going to be in it.
- 8: Consider carefully before going nude or semi-nude. What looks good in the bedroom or bath may not be spectacular on stage.
- 9: Numbers alone do not make a coherent group.  
*Bjo Trimble's Corollary:* A group is only as good as its weakest costume.
- 10: No fire, explosives, loud noises or dangerous weapons without full and proper clearance from the masquerade committee.  
*Marjii Ellers' Corollary:* Effect is everything.
- 11: Carry a repair kit with appropriate tools and materials.
- 12: Whether prince or pauper act like it. Stay in character.
- 13: Speak distinctly, but not at length...or at all. Learn to use the microphone--or don't.
- 14: Do not lecture your audience. This is show biz. You are not there to make long statements about your particular passions, but to entertain yourself and others, to show off, to exhibit a character and/or a costume, not to convert, harangue, or bore.
- 15: When in doubt, keep your mouth shut.
- 16: Remember, some people can grow a beard and some cannot.
- 17: Hand in a legible entry card, even to the point of writing out phonetically any difficult or unusual words. Do not assume either the narrator, the judges or the audience know all these words.
- 18: If you have the slightest doubt that your costume--based on a cover, a story description or media origin--might be unfamiliar to the judges, do not hesitate to supply them with visual materials or a copy of the passage in the text.
- 19: Give the judges sufficient time to examine your costume from all angles, giving special time to any particularly interesting aspect or design or construction.
- 20: If you have something for the narrator to read, keep it brief, eliminate as much as possible all unpronounceable, incomprehensible made-up names and terms. Do not duplicate on microphone what the narrator has already said.
- 21: If you are thinking of doing something you intend to be amusing, try it out on honest friends.  
*Craig Miller's Corollary:* Short is better than long; funny is better than non-funny; short and funny is best.
- 22: If you are going to try a costume cliché, you must either do it better than ever before, or have a good variation, preferably comic.
- 23: Presentation can make a mediocre costume and break a good one.
- 24: Keep all presentations short. Action is better than words.
- 25: Do not commit the one unforgivable sin: *Do Not Be Boring.*
- 26: Rehearse! **REHEARSE!** **REHEARSE!**  
*Len Wein's Law:* Those who think these rules do not apply to them are wrong.

I encourage the distribution and reproduction of these "rules," not out of ego, but because it is my belief--and the belief of many others--that if they are followed we will *all* have better masquerades to enjoy. These "rules" should be published prior to any convention, masquerade or fashion show--in the Progress Report, for example--so as not to reflect on the contestants in that costume event.

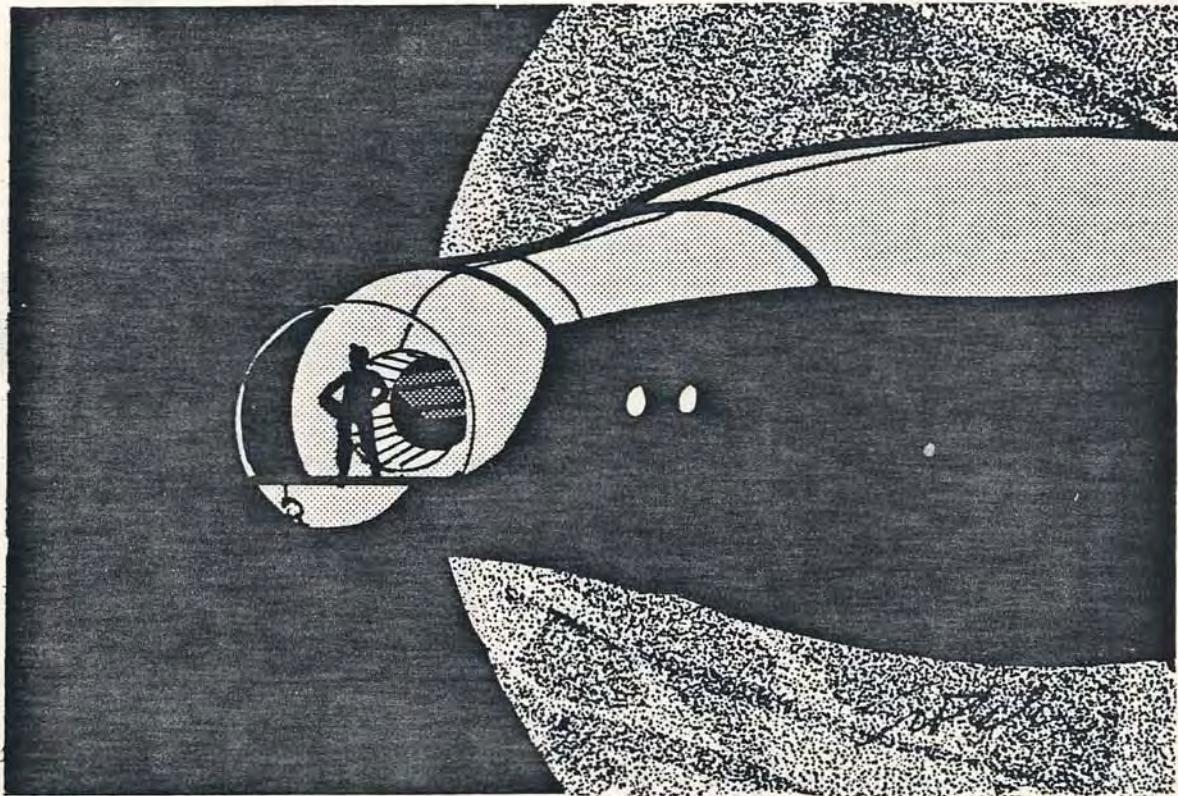
Any additions, corrections, suggestions or "corollaries" are most welcome: write to  
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Noon, the summer of today.



Tomorrow: idealized today.



"Anything that isn't writing is easy."  
(Jimmy Breslin)

We forgive ourselves too easily and others too meagerly.

In all the history of television not one commercial interruption has ever been interrupted to bring you a special bulletin.

A man is known by the enemies he makes and some women by the men.

The person who can develop a tasty soybean will have the gratitude of the world.

A combat photographer's axiom: "Too far and you don't have the picture, too close and you won't be alive to take it."  
(Philip Caputo, DelCorso's Gallery)

"Nothing...feels so good as feeling good after you've felt real bad."  
(Philip Caputo, DelCorso's Gallery)

"All photographers are thieves. They steal moments." (Caputo, DelCorso's Gallery)

We are all uncarved blocks with but scratches on the surfaces, a few random chips, and the pencilled design of a godling on the sunside.

13 Dec 1985 Life has its little shifts and changes. Selina Phanara has come to live with me awhile. She really amuses me, is loving and nice, and we have a great time together. The other night we went to the CAPS Xmas party where she met the stars of the comic world, and yesterday I took her to a porn film screening in Hollywood. We've been renting movies (well...I get 'em free) such as Gremlins, The Killing Fields, and a lot of dumb ones I thought I should check into, since they were free and with VTR you can increase the speed. She's a cook, too, and Greek & a housekeeper, science fiction reader, and...not yet 24. I like her.

Thought of a good fanzine title:

DO DEE DO DO, DO DEE DO DO

14 Dec 1985 I did an odd thing just now. I voted for a Playmate of the Year, by phone. Venice Kong is a stunning beauty, a busty, beautiful exotic lady and I wanted to see more of her, so I decided I'd spend 50¢ for the call & whattya know--she answered! Impossible odds, for they said one Playmate, at least, would be answering, and when she did I thought I'd gotten the wrong number. She was charming and seemed intelligent and said she thought she wasn't supposed to get a call from California, but from the Mountain States. I said I had friends in high places, we talked a few moments. And the whole time I was looking at a nude of her just like some high school kid.

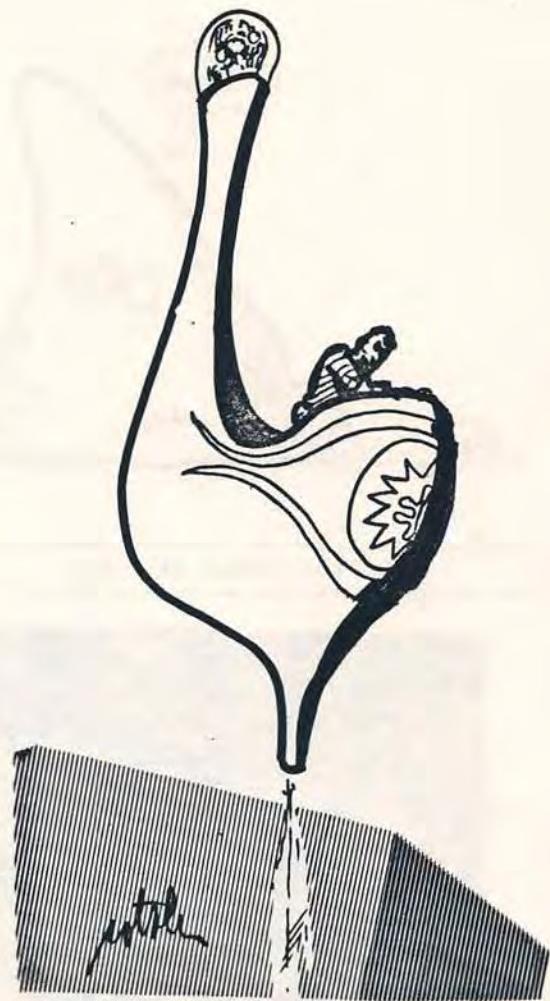
Meanwhile, back at 17909, Selina & I are going into our fifth day together and still getting a big kick out of it. This must be the "honeymoon" period. # We looked at Gremlins last night--it was rather "cute" until the bar scene where they were aping man. Didn't find that funny; whole picture went to hell then. Ugh. Downer. Good effects, though.

A quarrel is an arguement out of control; an argument is a debate's final phase; a debate is a discussion done formally; a discussion is a one-subject conversation.

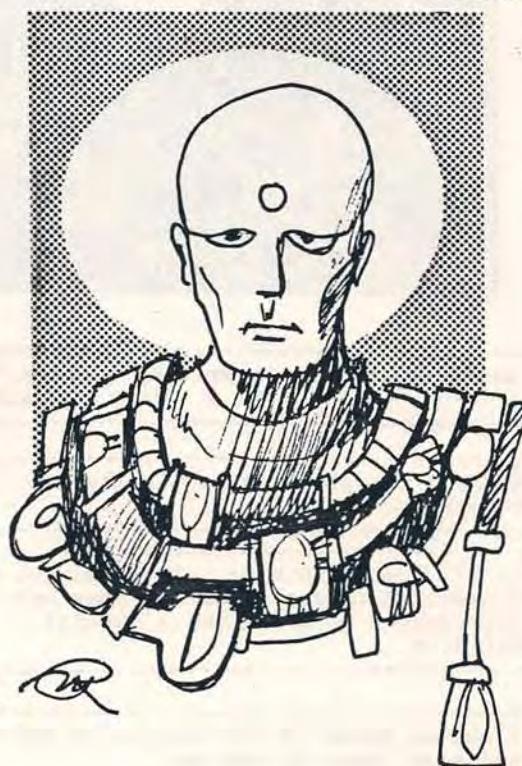
15 Dec 85 Got a call a couple of days ago from DC Comics, to do a "fill-in" story on STAR TREK Comics; did half of it then quit to play with Selina. TOR finally paid the final half on Shiva, many weeks after it was on stands.

Everyone says they dislike flattery, but they take what they can get, often not caring to look too closely at any praise in case its gold turns to glitter.

We remember insults, recriminations and embarrassments with minute clarity, yet praise, rewards and sympathy are blurs.



When a theory of yours fails it is like a belief destroyed.



"The longest sentence begins with but a single word."  
(Paul Turner)

HARLAN'S ORPHANS On Christmas Eve Harlan had in a number of people who "had no place to go," or Harlan's Orphans. Everyone brought something--on orders I brought four quarts of sherbet and about four tablespoons were used to cleanse the pallet.

Frank Miller, a comic artist was there, but the big surprise was L\*en\*\*\* W\*e\*i\*n from faroff exotic Manhattan, making four men & twice that many women.

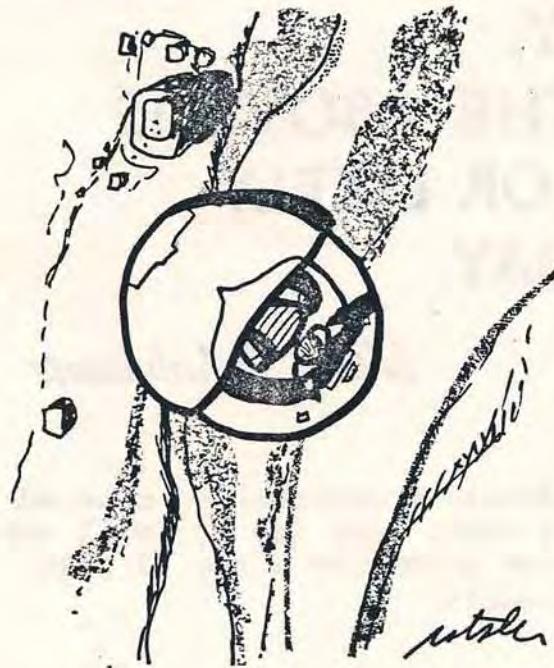
I saw Harlan's latest secret room. I gave him a book wrapped in Betty Boop paper, which he loved & took 5 minutes to carefully remove the tape, saving the paper. The book he had, and with my permission, he gave to Len. So I subbed with a backup book on F. L. Wright. His new secret room is mainly another book storage space but with those one-aisle, many shelf movable stacks things.

It was very pleasant, lotta laughs, etc. Paul Turner & Neola Caveny came around Xmas day and left early the next morn for a \$1.98 tour of JPL via a buddy of Paul's there.

29 Dec 85 I talked to Carol Carr today and we all agreed that Bob Silverberg's new lady, Karen, was a find & a gem; when Paul called today he & Neola also agreed. Now, soon, I'll have to start my introductions of Selina, or as we refer to her, S\*e\*l\*i\*n\*a\*P\*h\*a\*n\*a\*r\*a around to my friends & acquaintances.

I've been working on T-shirt designs. I'm not quite certain why. Another burst of creativity, as discussed before. Mike Friedrich was here recently, to see about the Comic Artists baseball trophy he's sponsoring & I've designed, and he thought he knew someone who might be interested in the certificate line.

Most people don't really think, they just reshuffle predisgested ideas, re-examine previous decisions, reinforce existing prejudices and poke tenderly at any new information thrust upon them.



Rotsler's Law of Turnpike Restaurants:

The word "cuisine" is inoperative and irrevelent. Equally incorrect: Home Cooking, Good Food, and "chef."



**TO SALESPeOPLE, ANY KIND  
OF RELIGIOUS FOLK, CURB  
PAINTERS, GIRL SCOUTS, ETC:**

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**PLEASE DO NOT DISTURB US NOW,  
OR IN THE FUTURE.**

**YOUR PRODUCTS OR SERVICES ARE  
NOT NEEDED OR APPRECIATED BY  
ANYONE HERE.**

**THE LEAST REBUFF YOU CAN  
EXPECT IS RIGHTEOUS RUDENESS,  
MILD BODILY HARM & DEMOLITION  
OF YOUR MOST CHERISHED BELIEFS.**

**PLEASE JUST GO AWAY.  
NO DISCUSSION OF THE ABOVE IS  
NEEDED, NECESSARY OR LIKELY  
TO IMPROVE YOUR DAY.**

*The Inhabitants*

This is the new sign on the door. Black on red-orange, mounted on black matboard. Anyone wanting a copy, just say so; will send at cost. But then, maybe no one is as grumpy as I am. I plan, to offenders, to bellow "Can't you read!"

Almost as good as the books of unusual quotes mentioned earlier is The Book of Quotes, edited by Barbara Rowes, 1979 (E.P.Dutton), which is much "hipper" with quotations by more modern and contemporary people. It may be out in paperback, I'm not certain.



Going to Australia, a long and boring task by air, is like being sent back by a faulty time machine, where it is part late 19th century, part USA 1930s, part last season.

The truth always surprises.

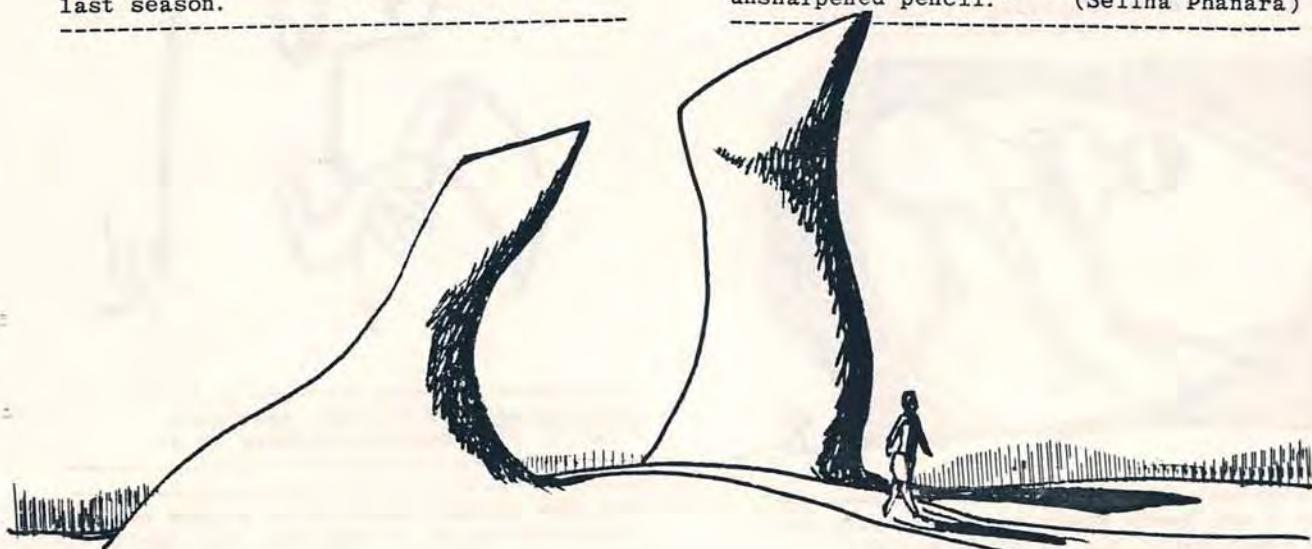
5 Jan 1986 Just spent 4 hours at Forry Ackerman's, along with all kinds of people. We were meet some friends of the Ackermans from Italy, but really to meet each other I guess. I really didn't expect Steven Speilberg to be there-- or Harlan, for that matter--but there was a generous portion of "Forry faces" there. I had several really very good conversations: with Bob Bloch on horror writers, fame, and life. With Mike Jittlov about his new film, trouble with getting financing, movies. With Lil Neville about women, Life, pretty men/pretty women. With Curt Siomak about psychic phenomena, cats, ghosts. And lots of "mini-conversations," of course: with Kirk Alyn; Shel Dorf about the future of CAPS; Bill Warren; some nameless lady, ~~of~~ of the guy videotaping the affair (she has a ghost named Bob in her house, the crashed pilot/previous owner). Spinrad, Joe Dante, the Pinckards, and many others were there, some I knew, many I didn't, including a movie mogul from China. But actually it was quite pleasant. Food rather inadequate, however (Nivens, how you have spoiled us!) and the drinks strange, weak, clean swampwater kind of things.

Actually, I didn't sleep last night. Went to bed about midnight, started to read FOOTFALL, did 100+ pages but couldn't sleep. By 1pm I had: done a dozen t-shirt designs & finished 4 or 5 others...viewed & reviewed a porntape--most in Fast Forward... wrote 12,000 words (!!!) of something new, very odd...did some bookeeping, bill paying, made breakfast--actually scrambling eggs with sautéed onions--read Publishers Weekly. Amazing what you can do.

Best line was Bloch's, but I don't remember it, something about his mother advising him to stick to masturbation, not book reviewing. 2nd best was mine, I think, when I said, "There are three races on this planet: men, women & ~~women~~ *dolphins*."

George Clayton Johnson was there, still dressed in comic strip colors.. He's like some kind of mythic figure, always looking the same, colored the same...

"A baby is a blank sheet of paper, an unsharpened pencil." (Selina Phanara)



THE PASS

ROCK 82

Mankind is a dinosaur looking for a tar pit.

2 Jan 86 Received a letter from Jack Williamson today, thanking me for a drawing I sent him and said it would eventually go into his "papers" at Eastern NM University. I'm tempted to write back, as though from Germany, thanking Jack for his efforts (heretofore undetected) for the Third Reich. Let him put that in his file!

Selina had to borrow a car to get here from faroff exotic Riverside and the car was late. She didn't get here until about nine, so I skipped going across the Valley to the Rothsteins & we just went to the nearby Nivens. I thought it was (for me) the best of all the Niven parties. The food--always abundant, always good--was especially fine and I had several really first rate (tho of necessity somewhat short) conversations.

Selina was nervous at first, meeting all these folk, but soon relaxed. Her best line was about falling into the hands of a "vengeful beautician" who had cut her hair funny recently, including a sideburns (or what passes for sideburns in women) cutting-off. We got home close to 4am and she left sometimes after five am to drive the car back. Drat.

When Steve Barnes asked about Selina, saying he wanted me to be gentle with her (this with a straight face), I said, "No, no, you don't understand. There are two ways to break a horse...the gentle way, breathing into their nostrils, and so on; and the other way--you get on their back and ride them until exhausted."

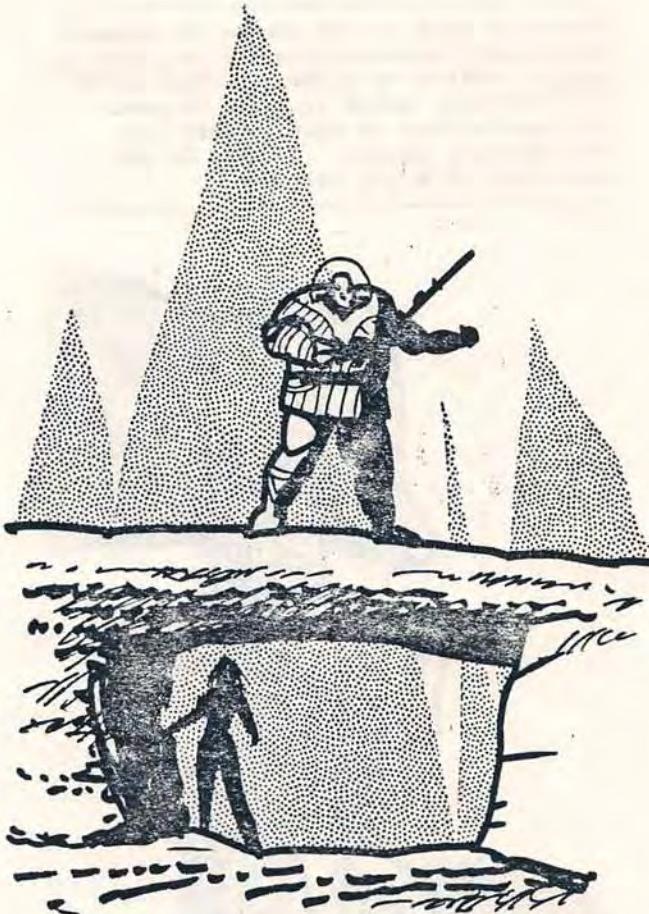
Meanwhile, back at my house Ed Kline had a party, with people coming from as far away as Riverside & San diego and from Modesto, even! There was food galore.

Anyway, it was a nice New Year's Eve party, though in my heart--I must confess--I was up at the Carr's. Maybe next year.

Commercially many kinds of citrus and other trees are grown with grafted trees--a tough but bitter root with a sweeter, weaker tree grafted upon it. Some marriages are like that, and some people, after a tempering of adversity.



To a man every woman is a universe; to a woman every man is but a world--though she may act as though he were a sun.



The idea of reincarnation is the purest possible ego expressed as impersonal theory.

## FILTER'S SHOT



Switzerland: A picture post card country with nothing written on it.

The fly on the inside of a window can see that nothing is in his way, but can't seem to get ahead. There are a lot of us like that.

Genius is a sun. Talent is a spotlight.  
Skill is a worklight. Inspiration is a  
flashbulb.

7 Jan 86 The LA Times Syndicate check .  
came in yesterday & I made about  
4 times what I did the month before, picking  
up The Philadelphia Inquirer, The Miami  
Herald, Sacramento Bee, some wee newspapers,  
and Hemingway's old Kansas City Star; plus  
what I had before. Oh, and the World's  
Largest Newspaper, New York Daily News.  
So I guess it is coming along, but I need  
to get about 4 or 5 times that money to just  
live on it alone.

I was commissioned to do an interview  
with an old friend, Chris Warfield, known  
in the porn biz as the award-winning Billy  
Thornberg. Did it before New Year's with  
a borrowed taper, found it was kaput later.  
Redid it yesterday (and better), then went  
up the street to a porn screening where  
there were a number of actresses attending.  
Film kept fucking up (that's a technical  
term) and there were several mini-inter-  
missions. It stopped once during a Big  
Hot Plot-Advancing scene involving Sharon  
Mitchell, who was sitting a couple of  
seats along the row. Everyone went Awww  
and she was mock-upset. I suggested she  
tell us how it came out in pantomime; she  
jumped up, tried to get another girl  
interested (it was a lez scene) but before  
anything could happen the film started again.  
Drat was the general concensus.

10 Jan 86 This is one of those I-shoulda-  
stayed-home days. Ump teen slow  
drivers, people who can't make up their  
mind on the simplest move & then do the  
wrong one. Old ladies in stores who take  
forever to understand something. There was  
one in a Newberry's today (I haven't been in  
a Newberry's in ages!) who literally took  
two-plus minutes to get the change out of  
her purse--after standing there several  
minutes. People in line at the bank, at  
the PO, who had taken ten minutes to get to  
the head of the line and then started staring  
into sub-space & you had to poke or say  
something.

It wasn't an Ugly People day, when the  
gnomes are loose, but it was a Slow People  
Day. Cadillac drivers are the worst, as  
you have heard me tirade several times.  
Stores that have OPEN signs when they're  
closed. Pedestrians who get in the way.  
People in stores who meander the aisles,  
never looking, never even being aware there  
are others in the world.

Look, I know we have these null- .  
brain'd all the time, but today, they were  
all out at once. The best, as you know,  
are the Pretty Girl Day (and that remark-  
able, so far once-in-a-lifetime Pretty  
Busty Oriental Girl Day). The next to  
worst is the Ugly People Day, but the  
very worst is Crazy Day...crazy drivers,  
mostly.

Today had a touch of that--people  
who open doors into traffic without look-  
ing (2); lurching from secret locations  
into traffic (2); meandering lanes with  
a fast cut toward you as you try to get  
past (1); running red lights (1); parking

in such a way as to bottleneck a parking  
lot (3); taking up two parking spaces (2);  
and (1) Really Speedy.

No, today was people who can't make  
the simplest change, who get in line for  
minutes, then make a frantic sudden run  
to the back of the store for something,  
thus holding everyone up. It was the  
check-writer in the cash lane, the clerk  
who doesn't know his/her merchandise, the  
screaming children in the market cart,  
the news on the radio, the filtrip that  
won't fakkle, the gorlop that dickles.  
You know the kind of day and it still  
isn't over. A meteor shower to come,  
maybe.

But did anything good at all happen  
today? Lesse. Well, Chris Warfield (my  
blind porn producer friend, whose inter-  
view I am transcribing today) said that  
he's gotten in a couple of computers with  
mail order programs. He is thinking of  
starting to syndicate some 2-30 minute  
radio shows. (Being blind now, he's  
spending more time listening to pictureless  
TV). But he hasn't yet thought of anything  
to syndicate.

I suggested "Quote/Unquote," my idea  
of two minutes of quotes in one subject,  
where Sharman & I alternate. I also  
suggested trying to get something I heard  
about: years ago I understood that Orson  
Welles, each morning, when he voice was at  
a certain timbre, recorded passages from  
the Bible. I thought of some other things  
since: a porn film review show and a gay  
Q&A. But there was one good line, given  
to me by a friend of Ed's, to wit:

"Procrastimetheus: He was going to bring  
fire to mankind, but he never quite got  
around to it." (Greg Hemsath)



Frequently changing majors, he pursued a  
degree for four years and never caught  
the greased pig.

Some women are born beautiful, some achieve  
beauty, and some have plastic surgeons.

Some women are born sexy, some achieve  
sexiness through study and application,  
and some have sexiness thrust upon them  
by glands.

Slang: Informal language, the father of  
jargon and the grandfather of common  
speech.

*Rotsler's Law of Dealing with the Over-size Pets of Others:*

- (1) Always give the owners the opportunity to call it off.
- (2) Use whatever violence, chemical, or dirty trick you need to and feel fully justified.



You can take water to a drinking man but you can't make him drink.

18 Jan 86 Three days ago Ed Kline almost sliced off his thumb with a brand new Xacto blade; hit a pocket in the "Friendly Plastic" (trade name) hooves of his Eon costume.

Two days ago my daughter informed me I was going to be a grandfather in May. A boy. She is unmarried. Both her mother & I told her don't marry the guy just because she's preggers. She had already made that decision.

Yesterday I went into Hollywood, found that Chris Warfield was converting a room to a recording studio. All over what you might call "Central Hollywood" are homes which have been converted into business zoning. He has a 4 bedroom house on Cahuenga. The kitchen & back porch are editing rooms, the living room is an office, as are 2 bedrooms. One "putit into the back office if you don't know what to do with it" room is being sound-proofed.

This means he is very serious about his radio syndication biz. He was delighted

with my name for my radio production company: RADIO EMPIRE. I've done a great logo & everything.

Today I'm just going to look at porn tapes, catch up on what they've been sending me, as an avalanche is due.

Be a teacher by living what you believe.

Non-violence only really works if you are using it against an opponent who is not really violent.

24 Jan 86 Yesterday I went to a photo studio where they were shooting the "all-important" video box cover shot for a porn called Cat Alley. The main reason I went was to see the Bengal tiger who was to model with "hot new porn star" Krista Lane.

They had her in a split-to-the-crotch "leopard-skin" jacket with monkey fur trim, a g-string the size of your thumb, high heels & "tiger-face" makeup. I started shooting from a stairs and at one point I moved and the tiger's head came up, and he looked at me. I don't know if you have ever been under the scurinty of a huge tiger but it was...interesting. I didn't feel afraid; after all, there were three handlers, one with a chain, one with a wire, and I was 8 feet up and 12 feet away. But it was curious. Much like the look of a hostile cop.

A bit later I was on the floor, about six, eight feet away and he looked again, but it was a more routine look. Still...

Afterwards, I interviewed the actress in an office. At one point she said, "Well, as a woman--" I looked incredulous, saying, "Really?" She pulled her costume open to show me one very firm, very well-shaped, very tanned breast. "See? Remember these?" she asked.

"Oh, yeah," I said. "I bet you have another one almost the same...." She laughed and showed me a pretty well matched set. Then we started talking about how she has discovered she likes to have sex in strange places. Listen, it's a dirty job, etc.

"You can never truly know anyone until you've been silly with them."

(David Joiner)



God is dead; but, being God, He will come back as soon as He gets a good rest.  
Warning: He likes to get a clean beginning to a new start.

26 Jan 86 The night before the Uranus flyby Jerry Pournelle had a big party which I thought was very nice. It was like the SFWA room at a Good con. I talked at length to Jack Williamson, to Betty/Phil Farmer & Bob/Ellie Bloch, to Alan Dean Foster, to Sharman, to Jim Benford about the State of Fusion, to Greg, Grania/Steve Davis, to Gay Haldeman, Karen Huber (finally got her name right! I told Silverberg my usual curse had struck & I couldn't remember her last name. He said, "It doesn't matter." "Going to change it?" I asked and he shrugged. But it was an expressive shrug.) I didn't really get a chance to talk to Spinrad, Niven or Ing, but John Carr, Charles Sheffield & I talked Nebula-making. Steve Barnes, William Wu talked over a story I was blocked on.

The next day at JPL it was the same group, plus Ray Bradbury (making a brief star appearance), Harry Harrison & Son, Charles N. Brown, and Paul Turner came by. He'd been over at CalTech. Oh, and Beth Meacham, Marvin Minsky, the top man in artificial intelligence. ("He looks artificially intelligent to me," said Sharman.)

Jack Williamson introduced me to a friend of his, retired head of research for NSA, etc etc. "Jack, you've got to stop hanging around with nobodies," I said. Man flew Jack up in his Cessna. I amused Jack by telling him my plan to respond to his letter (see earlier MASQUE columns); he said whenever the paper stacks got too big he trucked them over to the University, where they filed them among his "papers."

I came home early, rather tired from a lot of standing around. That evening I was watching Lady Blue, a tv show that is Dirty Harry in Skirts, but I kind of like it. There had been something bothering me about the show since it premiered in a TV movie last year. Then it hit. I had designed the logo! I can't even remember who asked me to do it...Craig Miller, maybe? but I did several versions of "Lady Blue" and apparently one stuck. I never got paid, having done it as a favor for--the more I think of it--Craig.

Fred Harris was at JPL, told me the first 3 issues of TO THE STARS are going to be slimmer than the 104 planned. They don't realize this means COMPLETE re-do. Ah, well...

As far as body language goes, she's multi-lingual.



Faith moves mountains and doubt puts them back.

2 Feb 86 My pregnant daughter spent the night here. She looks in good condition & has cut down (but not out) her smoking. (Hi, Marta!) # A couple of weeks ago Len Wein, in faroff exotic New York, was reading the NY Daily News and was surprised to find my feature; so he called me. I received a compliment during the conversation. He said that we met when he was 27, or 10 years ago, and he thought I was a contemporary, maybe a few years older. My daughter has stopped looking 17/18 and, at 31, looks 22-25.

Idea: Why doesn't one of you who taught at Clarion edit a book called THE CLARION WRITERS' GUIDE? There are many of you in my "audience," and don't all speak at once.

No one learns anything until they are ready. You educate yourself. Others only provide information.

Architecture in general may be frozen music but that building is frozen corn.

For those who want things fast, nothing is fast enough. For those who want things slow, everything is too fast.

A dog is the only animal that applauds.  
Cats barely acknowledge.

**THE FIVE BEST THINGS A WOMAN CAN SAY  
TO YOU IN BED**

- 1: I want you.
- 2: Tell me what you want me to do.
- 3: Please fuck me.
- 4: Let me go down on you.
- 5: This isn't going to cost you a cent.

10 Feb 86 Henri Pachard called me from NYC this morn. His real name is Ron Sullivan & he's one of the two best porn directors. He called to thank me (enthusiastically) for me "awarding" him a certificate from FAMOUS DIRECTOR'S SCHOOL. I've only made 2, one for Sam Weston, known as Anthony Spinelli, the other best director, but I haven't delivered it yet.

13 Feb 1986 Last night, at CAPS, I met Moebius. Or Jean Gireaux. Or Giro. I think he is the finest and most interesting graphics artist now working. Even better than my friend Jean-Claude Mezieres. I hadn't realized he had been here in SoCal for a year. He was interviewed by Sergio Aragones & there were slides.

He's a charming, rather slight man born in 1938. We had several talks, since both of us were there early, which probably added up to 40 minutes. He agreed to work for TO THE STARS! I made a big hit with his wife (and the one, as in so many such cases, who is the business head) by suggesting we use him in our 3pp color Art Portfolio in TO THE STARS, and focus on his post cards, prints, etc--his commercial line made from his art--which in effect will be a big ad for them.

As Moebius he has a certain look, one I really like; as Gireau he is much different, and it is under this nom de pentel that he does "Lt. Blueberry." He came here first for TRON, but has done other film work as well. Likes it here in SoCal. As soon as I get some "discretionary income" I'll go buy several of his books which I do not have and some of his beautiful solk screen prints. (HARLAN--YOU WILL SPEND A FORTUNE--!)

The other night I couldn't sleep and I watched RED SONJA and a PLAYBOY tape, which I had "rented" on my freebie deal with this video rental place. The Playboy tape had some beautiful women. The RED SONJA film is the first major sf/fantasy film I've seen (major in production, if not effect) in which nothing worked! Arnold was not Conan; the woman was sexless & couldn't act; the sets were astounding over-designed, over-decorated, the costumes just didn't work (Arnold had one which looked like he stole it from a macho faggot) and the plot & effects & internal logic were DUMB. Amazing. Usually, something works. The little oriental kid was, I suppose, good. DUMB, dumb, Dumb, DUMB!

"Chain smoking gives you rusty teeth."  
(Robert Bloch)

To err is human, to digitalize robotic.

We are all so insecure that in time we come to believe what the world believes about us, believing it in spite of our superior knowledge of ourselves.

**Medical Science Omnipotence Strikes Again**

Dept: For years doctors have been telling my daughter, because of various problems, it was going to be very difficult if not next-to-impossible to get preggers. Combine that with side effects from a couple of antipregnancy pills & an infection from a coil some years ago, and she thought she was safe, because they kept telling her don't worry. Hah.

Every six months I have this teeth-grinding experience. Twice a year PUBLISHERS WEEKLY sends out the Spring & Fall lists from all the publishers and every time, without exception there is one to a dozen books listed as coming out which I proposed to my agent anywhere from two to ten years before. Many with the identical titles. It is very frustrating and I'm certain somewhere in this paragrapg you said to yo'rself, "He doesn't have the right agent," and you'd probably be correct.

One man's poison is another man's biological warfare.



\* He shot himself in the footnote.

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Courtship is dessert before dinner.

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Back when I was "in business" that required business cards I had 'em. With one exception—designed by my art school buddy Gene Coe—I designed them all. They were unusual without being weird and I almost always got a pleased "Oh!" when I gave one out.

I haven't really needed cards in years. But lately people have been asking if I had a card, so with the powers granted to me by the Apple Stylewriter II I made up several designed, picked one, duped it, then had them Xeroxed onto card stock & cut them out. Looked like this:

William Rotsler  
17909 Lull Street  
Reseda, CA 91335  
818-342-1895

The proportions were different but it will suffice. I've been having an interesting correspondence with Amy Thomson and I sent her some designs, with umpteen variations on:

Amy Thomson  
Certified Wordsmith  
by appointment to the Muses  
since 1993

There is no God but God  
and I'm not sure about her.



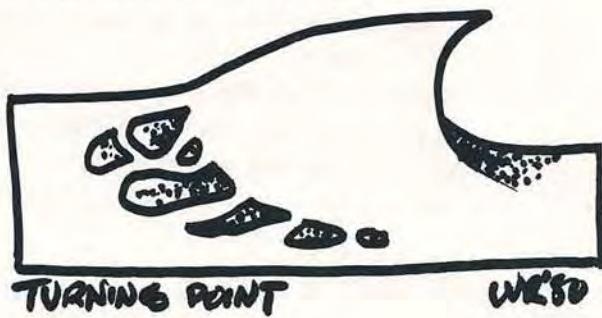
### SWEET CARTOON JAM

I suppose only jazz musicians really understand the fun of cooperative drawing, such as I have done with Steve Stiles and perhaps most with Alexis A. Gilliland.

As I think I've said before, there is no reason to do something each of us might do anyway. My job, as I see it, is to push us into new (at least unused) territory. I think I do that pretty well. I'm the Straight Man, I do the set up almost always. In part this is because I draw faster, but mainly because my ego isn't really so fragile and I prefer to enjoy the result. (Not that their egos are problems! But some people might prefer to do the finish, right at the applause line.

We each have the easiest part—I do whatever I want and Alexis or Steve or whoever reacts to it. I always collect them, sending Xeroxes to the others and using them in my fanzines.

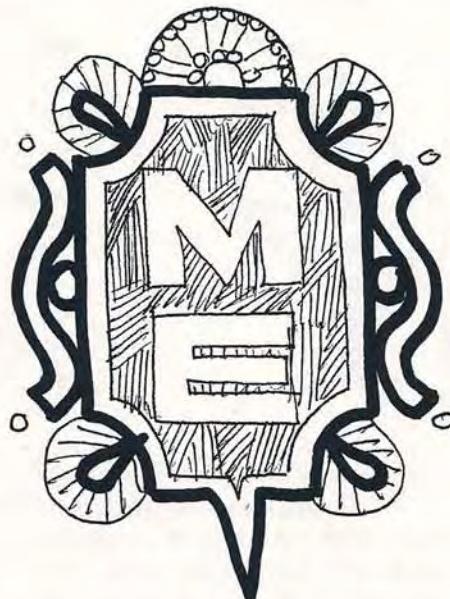
It's fun. It's a good thing Alexis doesn't live within physical reach, so that our jam sessions are infrequent, though we have confucted them by mail. In fact, I put together CARTOON JAM and ANOTHER JAR OF CARTOON JAM, but as ready to admit these are *strange* cartoons.



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Conversations consist of fine words,  
fine ideas, and fine silences.

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SELF-SATISFIED

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There are only four ways to obtain money: Begging, borrowing, stealing and working. One of these is most discomforting.

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Love is like the slide trombone—  
it gets terribly dull played on one key.  
*Gloria Saunders*

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I'd like to be there the day what we  
know outweighs what we don't know.

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Some doctors are very stubborn. Every  
hypochondriac has one that refuses to  
admit he or she is sick.

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People you love love other people.

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DARK THOUGHTS  
ABOUT PEOPLE WHO ARE LATE

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I'm going to introduce resolution to  
have the Postmaster General stop  
reading dirty books and deliver the  
mail.

*Senator Gale McGee*

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It seems as if man cannot exist without  
some kind of religion, whether it be one  
god, many, or none; whether it be a  
person, a statue, an unseen force,  
Nature, or a philosophy. It's as if  
mankind cannot live without an  
Invisible Playmate, a Big Brother, a  
celestial helping hand, something  
larger than the sum of the parts.  
Mankind recasts itself larger than life  
size and retrofits an afterlife.

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Politicians are great neighbors—if you have a windmill. *Shannon Carse*

**Rotsler's Rules for Entertaining:**

- 1: Never pretend.
- 2: Never invite anyone you do not like, but always encourage friends to bring others they think you will like. If you like them, find a way to contact them independent of who brought them.
- 3: Food and drink need not be elaborate or expensive, but it should be ample.
- 4: Do not try and organize anything that you have not announced in the invitation.
- 5: While it is your duty as a host or hostess to see things run smoothly, do not push. Introduce people, mention some credits or mutuality, and leave them alone.
- 6: Do not try to keep up with the Jonses. Spend what seems reasonable and resist the temptation to show off. If you are looking for uniqueness, use your imagination.
- 7: Be brave enough to be simple.
- 8: If you have house rules, see that everyone understands them, either because they are on the invitation or (as in my case) on the front door.
- 9: Mark those who stay too long and who overstep the simple and obvious bounds of hospitality. Have them killed.
- 10: If you are entertaining for business reasons rather than social, many of these rules will not apply.

Any map of Kansas is a relief map.

With me it's a case of Satisfaction Guaranteed—as long as you are not too difficult to satisfy.

AVN—*Adult Video News*—is the *Hollywood Reporter* of the porn biz. It's a trade magazine aimed completely at video stores. They recently added a second magazine, same name, but dealing with non-pornographic but sexy films.

Something Weird Video is a Seattle firm that is reissuing "nudie-cuties" and early non-explicit sex films, including a whole bunch of mine from the Sixties.

This second AVN just ran an article on sleazeball Harry Novak, for whom I did a lot of movies. Here is a part of that article:

## **ear to the Last of 1**

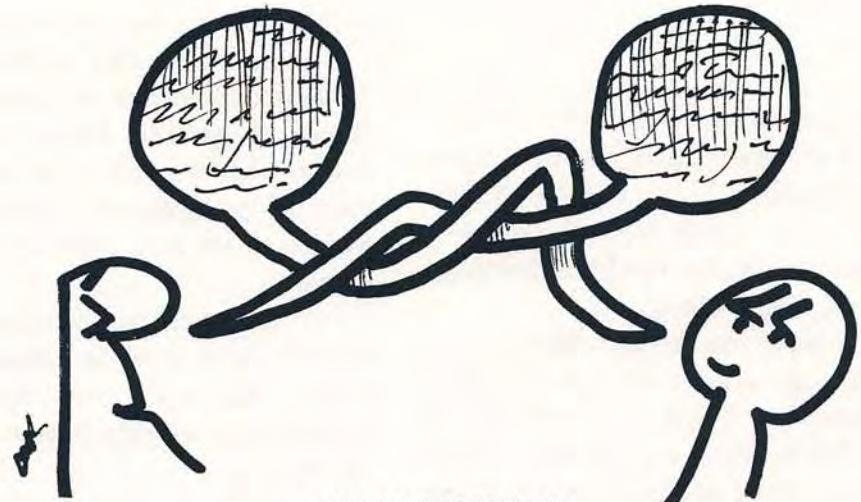
by Gene Ross

Spurred by that success (Novak says *Kiss Me Quick* is what gave him the impetus to struggle and continue towards success), Novak went on to distribute other nudie fare such as *The Wonderful World of Girls* (another superb nudie), *The Ruined Bruin*, *Hawaiian Thigh*, and *Queen's Wild*, all of which were major box office attractions in their heyday. Novak acquired these pictures via a deal he struck with *Rossmore Films* — and company heads, Marty Ross and Ted Paramore, aka Harold Lime. Lime, who directed another film classic, *Not Tonite Henry*, is still going strong directing XXX features.

Novak and Paramore collaborated on *Agony of Love* in 1965, a luridly fascinating sketch about prostitution, based on a real event. It was the first of Novak's pictures to be shot in black & white (and on a shoestring), but it did enormously well, proving that Novak, indeed, had the Midas touch. The interesting thing about that film was its director—William Rotsler—a well-known and highly respected XXX industry critic and figurehead. Also of historical significance is that *Agony of Love*, because it was considered hot but acceptable viewing, became something of the barometer of the then — community standards, allowing many theaters to make subtle transitions from mainstream fare to "adults-only" films. Another wild rumor that circulated from the Novak/Paramore partnership was their distribution of a film called *The Touchables*, the script reputed to have been written by Woody Allen.

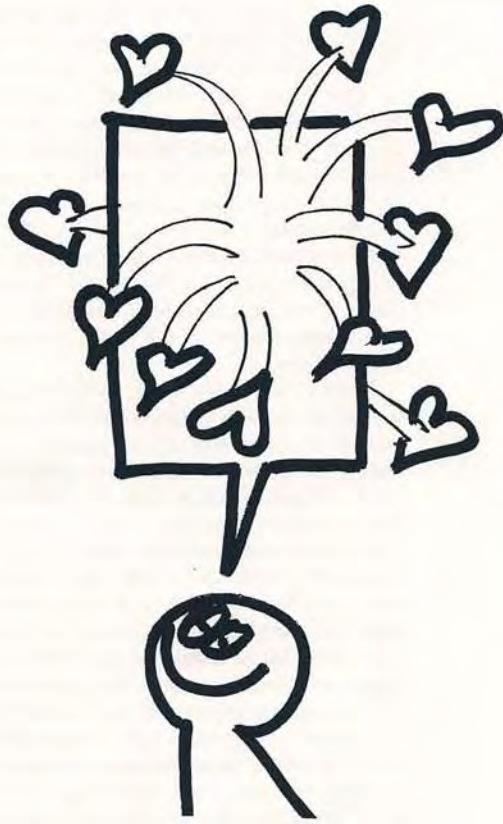
After distributing an additional number of nudie and roughie pictures that included the works of Joe Sarno and Barry Mahon, Novak and Paramore subsequently broke their bond in 1967, with Novak going on to take advantage of the hippie craze and getting involved in pictures that reflected that culture, films like Rotsler's *Mantis in Lace* and *Mondo Mod*.

Through what has been described as his "vorous booking policies", Novak eventually foreign market to exploitation novel and



### CONVERSATION

Love is not something you can order up like pizza, nor summon up like a demon, or plan on doing, or have a schedule for, or have a knack for, or buy.  
It happens when it happens.



### IN LOVE

To play a fool  
and be a fool are not the same.



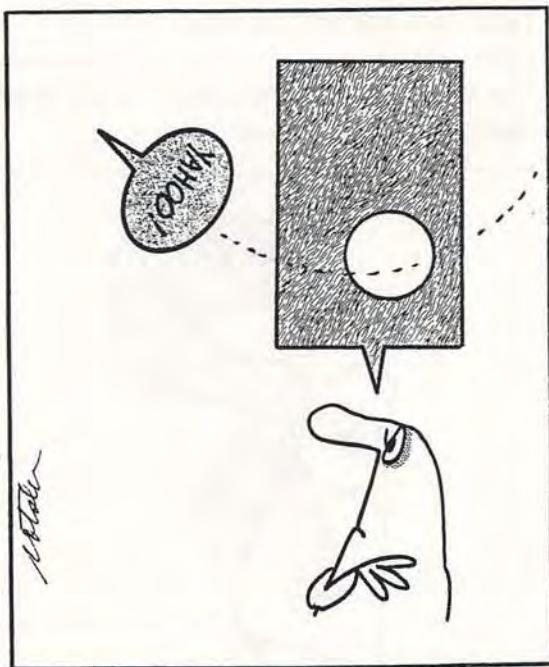
### SELF-REFERENTIAL

Love is saying you're sorry,  
sometimes even when you're right.

When you make people laugh they are  
helpless and vulnerable. More hearts  
have been won by smiles and laughter  
than by brawn and machismo.



They say people vote their pocketbooks,  
but politicians vote  
other people's pocketbooks.

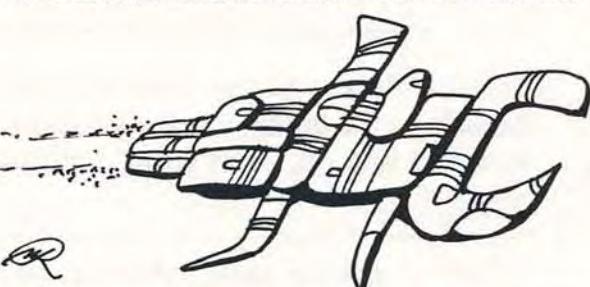


A penline can only do a certain number of things and hint at others. An oil painting is static. It attempts to be real but it is a frozen moment. But sometimes frozen moments are better than motion, for they can be studied. A motion picture or a play convey a variety of meanings and emotions, even changes of location, perspective and subjects. As such they are very good tools. The more you can communicate the better. Art and technology are closer together than ever.



[On the dyspeptic state of our society:] "We've gorged ourselves on the Forbidden Twinkie from the Tree of Gimme-Gimme in the Garden of Greeden," said Harlan Ellison.

For once, I wish I didn't have to vote for the lesser of two evils, or might vote for instead of against, and really believe that these few people were the pick of the litter in a country of nearly a quarter billion citizens.



She wrestled with temptation,  
but temptation played dirty.

*Writing Class Student Epigram*

Always listen to your dog because they are smarter than you; after all, you're the one who has to work to buy them dog food and treats.

*Norman Cooper*

Wars of ideas are between immortals; no idea dies, it just goes away from awhile, to disguise itself.



**A BRAVE MAN FACES  
THE END OF THE WORLD**

A man is never really tamed,  
only temporarily conditioned.

We all have combustible hearts,  
given the right flame.

Science fiction is the door behind the bookcase, the passage to the unknown—and the known, seen from a different angle.

I hate to get up early (defined as any time I don't yet want to) and I hate even more to be awakened early. The only exception to the above is the stirrings of a beautiful woman.

Pessimists count their blessings, too:

"Ten, nine, eight, seven, six..."

*Shannon Carse*



I don't believe in a person giving his or her life for art. Well, come to think of it, I do. But not all at once.

No woman is stone-deaf. They'll hear diamonds mentioned every time.



We never really lose the physical suppleness of babyhood—we can put our foot in our mouth at any age.

We humans are often like a reforestation. Incomprehensible, impenetrable, unorganized from one point of view, but from another, orderly lines of trees marching in a geographic parade.

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Women who will do *anything* to be a star  
find out it is not that easy.

*Shannon Carse*

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You can consider yourself wealthy when  
you can *tell* your banker you want a  
loan.

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Critics hate pictures that tell stories.  
Artists hate pictures that aren't right,  
because they aren't finished.

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Character is formed of innumerable  
strengths, weaknesses, experiences and  
beliefs. These are the same things that  
are the road signs to our destiny.

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There are people who fervently believe that art, to be truly serious, must be difficult to understand, though they seldom think of it that way. I think that idea is male bovine waste matter. You should not need repeated performances, viewings, or readings to realize it is art. Repeated encounters with any work of art should always tell you more, that is true. In fact, the more it tells you in repeated meetings is a measure of its caliber as art. Any list of commonly accepted masterpieces in any medium will not be a list whose themes, meanings or actions are difficult to understand. Making incomprehensibility a criterion of art is asinine, destructive and parochial snobbery.

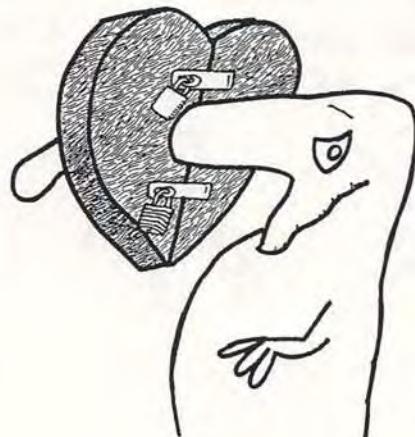
I do not mean to imply that artists should create to some common denominator. If they did art would be stuck dead center. Audiences have the obligation to at least make a step toward learning the language, as it were, of the art in question. But only for a step or two. Maybe three. Steps in the dark are always strange, but deliberate searches for incomprehensibility is even stranger. Especially by those people whose attitude seems to be, "You're too stupid, too gross, to understand *my* lofty art."

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Wealth and contentment are not always  
bedfellows, they say, but it's usually a  
better bed.

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"Perfection in war lies in so sapping the  
opponent's will that he surrenders  
without fighting." A famous Chinese  
general said that and I wish modern  
atomic war leaders didn't feel they had  
to *prove* anything.



**"I have too much time  
invested to quit now..."**

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Maybe you can never really, completely,  
fall out of love with someone—but new  
loves do come.

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Forget *should be*; concentrate on *what is*  
and go from there.

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She's the kind of woman you kiss  
good morning instead of good night.  
*Shannon Carse*



Cats have it made. They have an entire subject race to care lovingly and submissively for them without question. Dogs are more of a recreation, a minor annoyance more than a danger. Cats have a well-running program of getting the occasional maverick human to like them whether they want to or not. Not getting enough of the proper food seems to be a cat's only problem, and motor vehicles who do not understand their ownership of the land the only danger.

*Aroused citizenry:* A mob with me in it.

I was about to do something I knew I shouldn't if I had thought about it when my conscience spoke to me. Fortunately for my libido, my conscience spoke in a language I do not know.

*Torture rack:* Hard chair, dull speaker.

All pain is real, but some pain is more real than other pain.

#### Guide to Modern Science:

- 1: If it's green or it wiggles, it's biology.
- 2: If it stinks, it's chemistry.
- 3: If it doesn't work, it's physics.
- 4: If it involves people as subjects, it isn't science.

*Anonymous, with WR*

If only you could shave and comb your hair without seeing everything else in the mirror.

In the final analysis, if you're going to become a world metaphor, you've got to do it yourself. *Gregory Benford*

Mark Twain called an uneasy conscience a hair in the mouth. If so, then guilt is a bee up the trousers.

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Any strong belief  
is the heart of an epigram.

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What if there were no hypothetical situations?

John Mendoza

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I've always been monogamous. When I commit to a woman that's it. I have *never* "strayed." Oh, I know few if anyone believes me, but it is true. But it is not because I have high moral standards or anything. It is a pragmatic thing.

Being "true" is a *lot* less trouble. Your lie is complex enough without cheating. But again, it's not for some high reason. If I am with a woman it is because I want to be. I find a woman I like better I go with her, but again, the truth is it hasn't happened, not when I was "committed."

I haven't seriously been tempted, you see, so this may all be smoke and mirrors. Oh, I look, I appreciate, I even lust. But as long as I don't *do* anything about it, I'm fine.

Finding even *one* woman who really interests me is difficult enough as it is. I only *need* one. I may *want* a lot, but I don't *need* them.

I'm not counting those times when I'm dating a lot of women, as I haven't committed to *any*. A couple of times I've had a fight with someone, considered the affair over, bedded a woman or two, then got back together. That isn't being unfaithful.

The practical matter is that it is easier, simpler, safer, and proper. No big deal, just the way it should be.

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Man has civilization  
so he won't be alone.

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Penthouse: A good place for a bad girl.

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One day I started out to figure just how many of the Ten Commandments I had broken. I was immediately frustrated—I couldn't remember more than four of them.

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There are authors we read because we are told to, because we believe we should. And there are writers we read because they give us pleasure. The elitist theory is that popularity is bad—and I reject that—and that obscurity, obtuseness and triviality of ideas is good, which I also reject.

Perhaps the difference is in "author" and "writer." Authors have three names and dust jackets with just type, while writer have two names and dust jackets with some meat to them.

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Reform always comes  
and it is always opposed.

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If at time you find it difficult to tell your story in a sufficiently brief manner, remember that the Bibles tells the story of creation in six hundred words.

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Taste is every man's compromise with his sense of superiority. *Shannon Carse*

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Mini-skirts have reached the maximum of minimum. Any more and they are wide belts.

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I have come to be discomfited in the legitimate theater. I know all that about the immediacy, being live and all. I am a child of the cinema, of moving pictures, of the *movies*. Sitting in a "legitimate" theater during a stage show I always become frustrated. I hate sitting in one place, at one distance, through it all. I want to run up for a closeup, go over there for a different angle, show the outside world, speed up, slow down, go for an effect, select and focus.

It becomes very frustrating being imprisoned in a none-too-comfortable seat. The interchange between cast and audience is over-rated—it is more important to the actors than to the audience. The physical restrictions of the stage, as well as the temporal, are ultimately stifling to me.

Not only should photographers be granted the power of invisibility, they should have levitation as well.



Men are fools over women just a bit more than women are fools over men, which gives them the house edge.

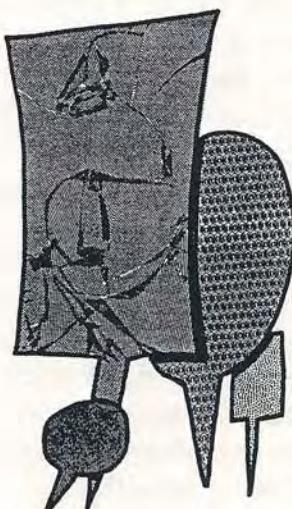


Love is neither an art nor a science.

On the Seventh Day He did paperwork.  
Shannon Carse

*Ignorance:* Knowledge out to lunch.  
*Stupidity:* No lunch pail.

There are people who play roles in their own lives, and from time to time accept new roles, but not before testing them before a selected audience.



FAMILY PORTRAIT

Love is like a shingled roof—it overlaps as all things must. *Gerald C. Fitzgerald*

Make people cry and they idolize you;  
make them laugh  
and they patronize you.

Apathy makes an easy task more difficult.  
*Shannon Carse*

Whenever my father said, "I'm doing this for you," I never believed him. He *had* to be doing some if it for himself, his wife, my sisters, and the family dog.



SLY

In the past a man worried if he could afford to marry, now he worries if he can get along without a working wife.

*Shannon Carse*



I've very good at thinking up variations; it takes less originality. *Steve Stiles*

Stars were only stars when we didn't know their real names and never saw them in the kitchen.

Stars are God's way of signing his creation.



SUSPICION

New ideas are rare. Usually they are old ideas, cleaned up and repainted, with new serial numbers.

It's a rare person who doesn't know someone they'd just as soon was not on the planet.



At dinner last night I told Len Wein about hearing of a 186-year-old fruitcake. He said, "How can you tell?"

*William Rotsler: What do women want?*

*Len Wein: Whatever they can't have.*

Moses wandered in the desert for forty years because, like most men, he wouldn't ask for directions.

Here, take this Medal of Honor. Go on, it's yours, a gift. Not as good as being awarded it for valor, is it? Without adversity, without obstacles and overcoming them, any award is meaningless.

*William Rotsler: Besides shoes, wha do women want?*

*Len Wein: Other women's shoes.*

### A Gregory Benford Treasury

- Fools take you name in vain? Now you know how God must feel.
- He wa such a workaholic, he wouldn't gone to as TGIM party.
- He read that most accidents happened within a mile of home, so he moved.
- The laws of probability never sleep.
- DNA neither knows nore cares about our deepest feelings. It just *is*. And we dance to its molecular music.
- Among reason's tools, the hammer was evidence, the knife was logic.
- Evolution has designed primate thought for effective socialization and avoiding predators, not for fathoming reality.
- Vogue on the outside, vague on the inside.
- Hummingbirds are eerie, like moths with beaks.

Lying is telling an untruth. Boasting is telling a carefully selective truth.

Almost everyone plays safe most of the time. Some play safe *all* the time, and they are the saddest. A few rarely play safe, and they are the crazies, the adventurers, the daring—and when they fail, they fail big. But most people play safe because they are scared not to.

Some hero. On his equestrian statue he is desperately holding onto the saddle horn.



CONFLICTS, AS USUAL

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A William Rotsler Mini-Dictionary

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**breasts:** A child's pantry, a man's playthings, and a woman's advertisements.

**dandy:** A sheep in wolf's clothing.

**flop d'estime:** A work of art lauded by the critics but ignored by the public.

**headache:** A storage room for lightning bolts.

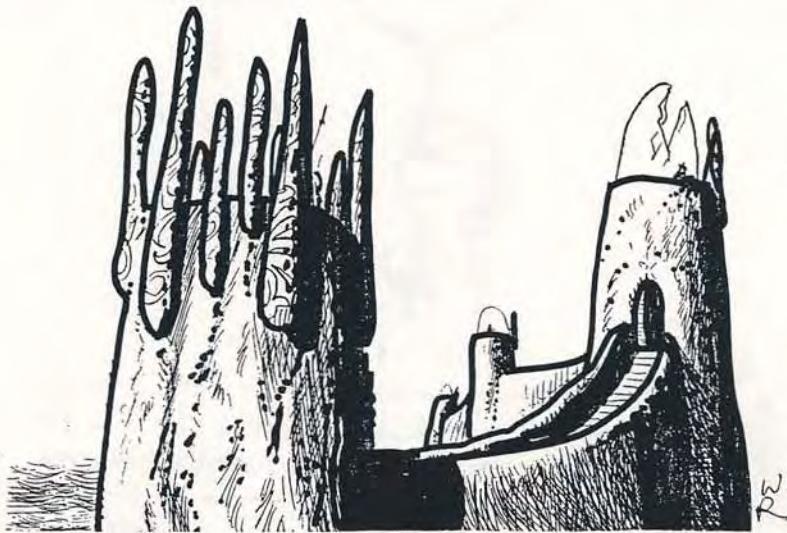
**honoraria:** An academic bribe.

**sodomy, cunnilingus & fellatio:** The answer to overpopulation.

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Marriages are made in heaven, divorces in hell,  
and trial separations in lawyer's offices.

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Before you condemn a work of art on the wall  
make sure it isn't a mirror.

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I search my mind and experience, my spirit and dreams for truth, then hammer the malleable metal into a pleasing shape. Or I stumble on a nugget, already a pretty one, just sitting in the foyer of my mind, waiting to be found.

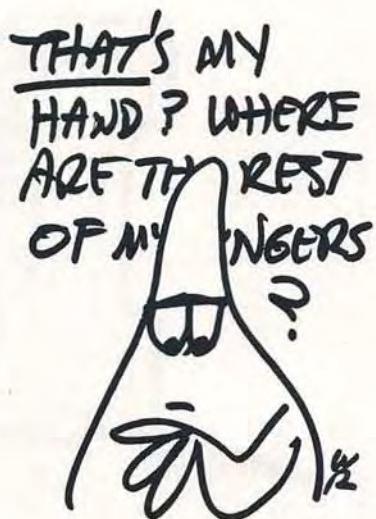
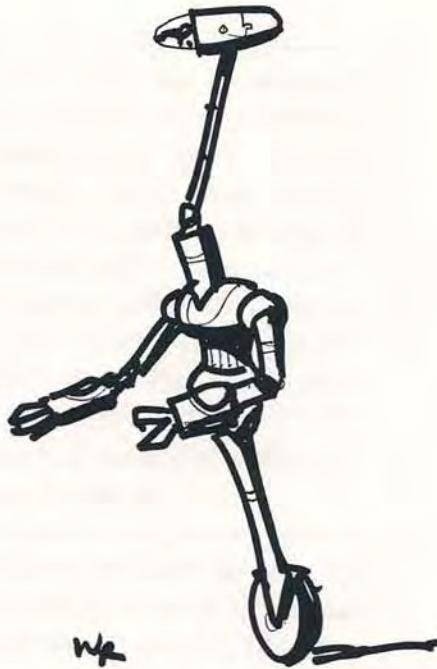
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There are people who do only those things  
which would look good on their resumé.

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The difference between a banquet and a dinner  
is that after a dinner it's *possible*  
no one will stand up to speak.

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Bathrooms are sexy. It's where people are often naked, where they expect to be naked, they see themselves naked, where they don't mind being naked. People do extremely intimate things in bathrooms. Bathrooms are where youths masturbate and lovers make it in the showers. Sex in the bathroom has a racy, unconventional, liberating feeling.

Laughter is Nature's Answer to Reason  
*Shannon Carse*

As soon as you like something they stop making it, take it off the air, or change it so much you don't like it anymore.



There are four kinds of public restrooms: Clean, not clean, disgusting, and the rarest of all—elegant, found only in old hotels and old theaters.

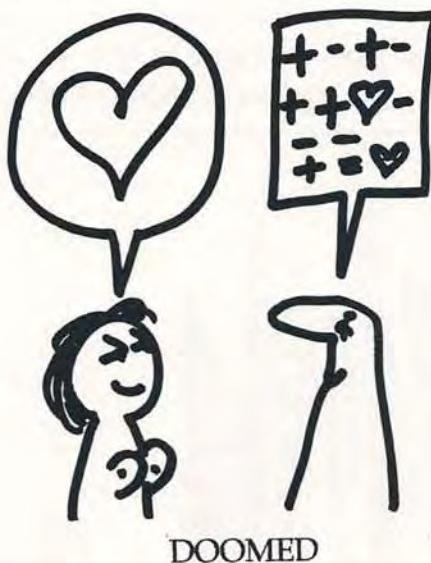
Women ultimately resent just living with a man because it implies they weren't good enough to marry, or the men did not honor them enough to marry.

"As seen on TV" is the magic phrase, validating everything, rather than saying they had the advertising money.

The wages of sin vary considerably but stay pretty good, and are usually untaxed.  
*Shannon Carse*

Most of us feel that no one we know personally can even say or do Something Great.

There are two kinds of cowboy:  
Mythical and actual.



There is no way to invent a new sin. We just have to do switches on the old ones.

There are five kinds of art: The kind you understood the moment you looked at it or hear it; the kind that grows on you; the kind that bores you; the kind you don't understand at first and never do; and the very best, the kind that keeps telling you something new every time you experience it.

There are two people in every marriage, plus children, in-laws, previous spouses, fantasy lovers, the I-shoulda-married, and the person you *thought* you were marrying.

A kind heart is of little value in chess, La Rochefoucauld said. The duke might have added: Warfare, buying a used car, and getting your own back from the government

It would be a neat trick  
to be originally sinful after 2,000 years.

Gerald C. Fitzgerald

Never take output  
from a strange computer.

Novels really *are* a different form of writing than short stories; you write about the same characters for so long that they start standing up and saying things for themselves. Disconcerting but fun.

Terry Carr



When did you last kiss your pet?

The journey of a thousand miles  
begins with looking for the car keys.

Censorship reflects society's lack of confidence in itself. It is a hallmark of an authoritarian regime. *Potter Stewart*

*Len's TV Law:* On TV a cop is not allowed to kick in a door until the music has reached a crescendo. *Len Wein*



*The Seven Wonders of Ancient Television*

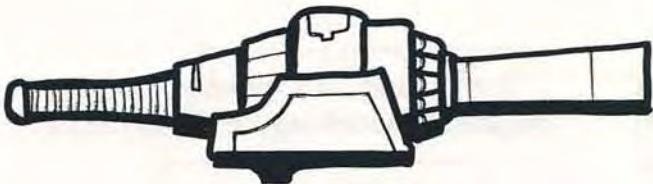
Edward R. Murrow

Lucille Ball, Jackie Gleason, Milton Berle  
Johnny Carson

*Star Trek*  
Reverend Jim (Christopher Lloyd, *Taxi*)  
That pictures go through the air.

Always forgive your enemies;  
it will make you feel so superior.

In some people's minds love and sex are irretrievably entwined, while in other minds they are nicely compartmented.



One of the biggest complaints women seem to have about men involves the positioning of toilet seats. Anyone who does not naturally have a penis cannot understand what is involved in having one.

For one thing, it rides around in your pants for hours, it gets kind of skoshed, so that when the possessor of such an organ goes to use it he (or she) cannot be positive that the urine stream (as they are saying in TV commercials) is going to be a perfect arc straight out. It may go left or right, and not into the bowl. This is why men put up the toilet seat.

In my entire life I have not sat down on a toilet in which the seat was up but twice, twice in the dark and once when I was very, very sick. Why can't women check?

I know, they will say, "Why should we have to check?"

My rejoinder is, "Check and stop complaining."

I think it all comes from the fact men can pee almost anywhere and under a variety of circumstances and for women it is a major effort, and they are resentful. (I don't blame them about complaining about the usual "equality" of public bathrooms.)

Well, we can't change the biology (though a few have tried) so why not just change the attitude? Excuse me, I have to go to the bathroom. I'll try to be circumspect.

The difference between a typographical error and a misspelling is that the first is accidental, the second ignorance.

---

The difference between vice and amateur sex is \$20.

---



#### More Similes than God Intended

Dense as a box of boulders.

Dense as a briar patch.

Dense as a bucket of bricks.

Elegant as a paper hat.

Gloomy as a headsman.

Light as a feather at 10,000 feet.

Thin as a boarding house carpet.

---

I'M SORRY, THIS FANZINE  
IS OVER, PURSUANT TO  
CODE 107.6 OF THE FANAC  
CODE OF FANNISH BEHAVIOR  
OF 1967



**Phrases to Avoid at All Costs:**

- 1: Did you come?
- 2: Are you sure you want that dessert?
- 3: I have a daughter just about your age.
- 4: Is it in?
- 5: My wife doesn't understand me.
- 6: None of the women in my life understand me.
- 7: (Any dirty joke.)
- 8: You've never been laid until you've been laid by me.
- 9: Didn't I see you in that new porn movie?
- 10: I hear you are terrific in bed.
- 11: Maybe you've heard of me? I'm known as a great lay.
- 12: You're gay? Aw, all you need in a good fuck!

He's so determined about giving parties they call him a fete-tilist.

You don't choose someone to fall in love with as you would choose a suit. Rather, fate puts two people in proximity and hopes for a psychochemical reaction.

Most people don't want to stop burning their candle at both ends—they just want more candle.

*Rotsler's Party Quality Rule:* Invite the dull people to one party and the bright ones to another. The dullards won't know it's dull because, after all, it's always been that way.

Great loves are one-sided.

My heart isn't on my sleeve. I think I left it in my safety deposit box.

To love someone who does not love you is like trying to run a race with your shoelaces tied together.

An optimist is never rejected; a pessimist just considers rejection a lesser form of love.

Whoever taunts a tiger must be extraordinarily certain of the cage.

*Cupid:* An attempt to explain love in the third person.

*Love:* (1) Ego turned inside out;  
(2) Lust involving a friend.



**ECONOMY, PHASE 2**

You can't get a jury of your peers unless you're a middle-aged housewife.

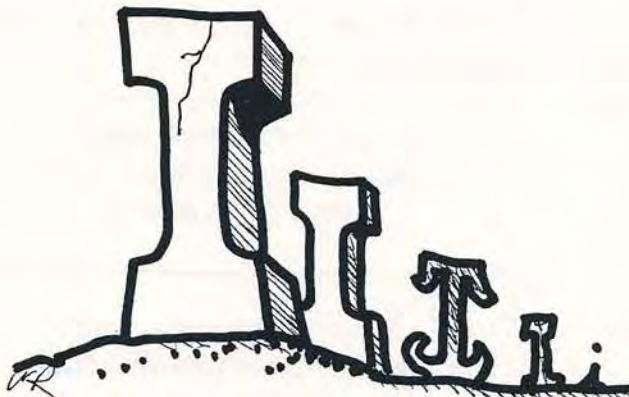
*John D. Berry*

The trouble with knowing an actor is that when you see one perform he or she is the only ones acting—everyone else is real.

---

Mostly, things don't happen.

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HISTORY

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I believe in censorship. After all, I made a fortune out of it.  
Mae West



WILL NOT FACE IT



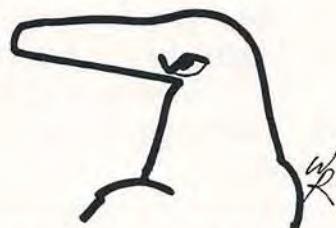
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God-cloud courtesy Alexis A. Gilliland

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He was a bad driver on the road of life.

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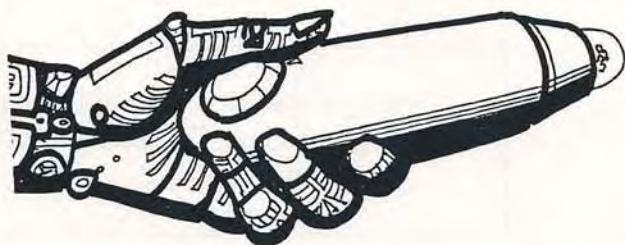


THINKING IT OUT

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The most attractive man in the world will look a bit silly walking naked across a room behind an erection.

---



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There are two kinds of books: the book itself, and the way we remember it. Usually the memory is just a good feeling, the kind that makes you envious of someone reading it for the first time, but *at what age* we read it is very, very important.

---

What were you  
before you were a vegetable?

---

---

What we miss by living in a great city are these: The nightly show of galaxies and stars, knowing our neighbors, crickets, the common face-to-face encounter with wildlife, grass that has never known a mower that didn't have teeth, wind sighing across a grove of trees, property that doesn't really stop at a fence, nature untamed and unfiltered, occupied bird nests, and a land without celebrities.

---

Only so many people, for whatever their reasons, try to get elected to public office. Out of those, most fail to be elected. Of those elected every one has made promises which inhibit and prohibit that person from completely free choices. Of *that* group, a few are always crooks, if not outright, then in the sense of "I've got mine, Jack," and those others who add, "And I'm after yours, too."

---

Most women have an entire marriage visualized, a wedding gown selected, maids of honor and the church selected, vows written, the honeymoon planned—they are just casting the art of the groom.

---

Every young woman has a rehearsed acceptance speech to be adapted to circumstances.

---

A real gentleman will get up and give a woman his seat the moment his bus gets to his stop.

---

The best diet is one where you can eat anything you want and as much as you want—but can't swallow.

---

*A William Rotsler Mini-Dictionary*

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**arsonist:** One who not only gets fired up, but helps others to do so, too.

**forty:** The traffic light most people stay at the longest.

**good guests:** Those who decide to go one minute before you start thinking they should.

**HMO:** Where they tell you if they can't cure it, you can't have it.

**tears:** The water torture of women everywhere.

**trousseau:** A woman's wedding gear.

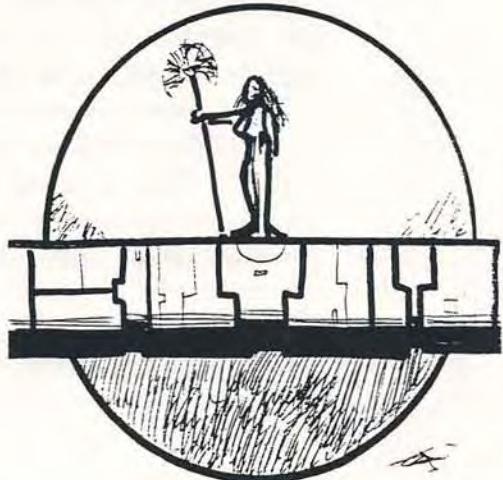
**wedding march:** Many a woman's catchy tune.

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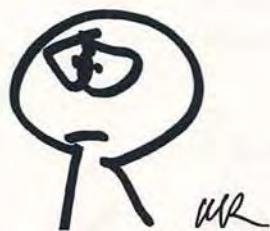
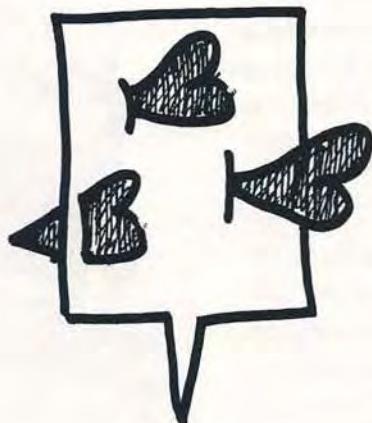
Most women think they married beneath them.

Most men don't hink they got married at all.

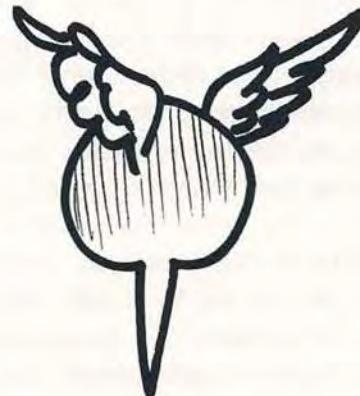
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There are four kinds of silences: The kind that is an absence of obvious noises, the kind with ambient sounds that do not distract you, peaceful, and ominous.



UNABLE TO FORGET



SINGER

Large things are made from small things, and small things are made from smaller things, and smaller things are made from wee tiny things, and wee tiny things are made from simple things and simple things are made from simpler things and—oh, stop me!

You plant doubts  
with seeds of suspicion.

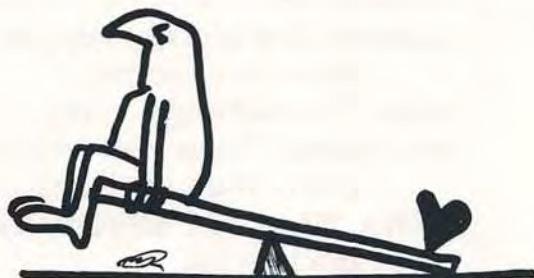
*Coming soon!* Generic statues of heroes, the great, and the successful, easily replaced as fads and history change.

We'll never see a perfect world.  
They'd never let us in.

*Wall Street:* The American Mecca.

Only the suppressed word is dangerous.  
*Ludwig Borne*

Ninety-five percent of my drawing is improvisation. The first quarter inch of line tells me the next half-inch, that part tells me the next. I run across the paper, chasing my mind, then try to make sense of it somewhere along the line—no pun intended—and the rest is just making it understandable and acceptable.



The camera is the greatest voyeur  
of all time.

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I'm aging as gracefully as I can  
on the money I make.

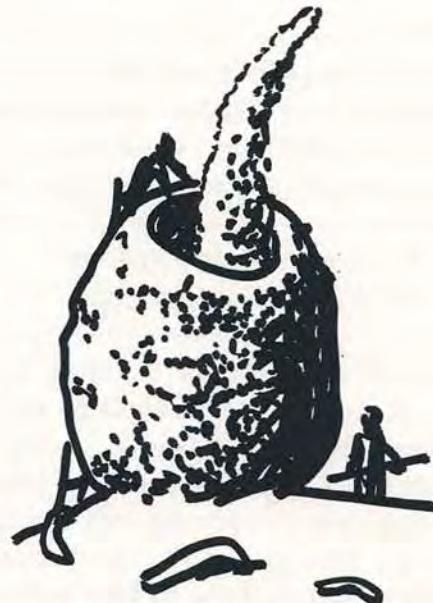
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If I had my way:

- Mangoes would be just as big but the seed would be the size of a walnut.
  - People would be reasonable.
  - Computer memory would be pennies for gigabytes.
  - If I like a TV show it stays on and only gets better.
  - People would understand that astrology is perverted science and a fraud.
  - Everybody would be perfect (my definition on a case by case basis).
  - You could get all the exercise you need or want by taking a pill at bedtime.
  - Cancer would also be cured by a pill.
  - Sophia Loren would retrograde to 24 and become my adoring lover.
  - Superman would be real.
  - Wars would be selected by randomly selected squads on an island somewhere.
  - Credit cards wouldn't get maxxed out.
  - Women would know what they want.
- 

Women change their minds, yes,  
but seldom when you want them to.

---



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Life is too short  
for reading inferior books.  
James Bryce

---

I don't get it. On one hand women are always complaining it's a man's world and how badly men treat and oppress them, and on the other hand they snidely speak of how men are children, how women can manipulate them, and how women are superior. Is this some form of *macha*?

---

Cats are not anti-social as some think, but episocial. The world, visible and invisible centers around them

---

May all bank errors be in your favor,  
just like Monopoly.

---

We call ourselves Americans, yet we have so little in common; perhaps television, cars and coinage. We don't even speak the same language anymore.

---

The trouble with immortality is that it will take you forever to make sure.

---

Here's the way politicians seem to rate information to be given out. The lowest level is the casual on-mike/on-camera remark. The next most important is the press release. Then the press conference. But for getting maximum coverage, minimum risk and maximum deniability, they leak it.

If it were not for illusions  
we'd have damned little.

What good are "sports"? They keep saying it teaches something called "sportsmanship." Is "sportsmanship" a name for breaking legs, twisting knees, dislocating spinal columns and bending joints the wrong way? Is "sportsmanship" learning how to lose without crying and winning without spitting on the losers?



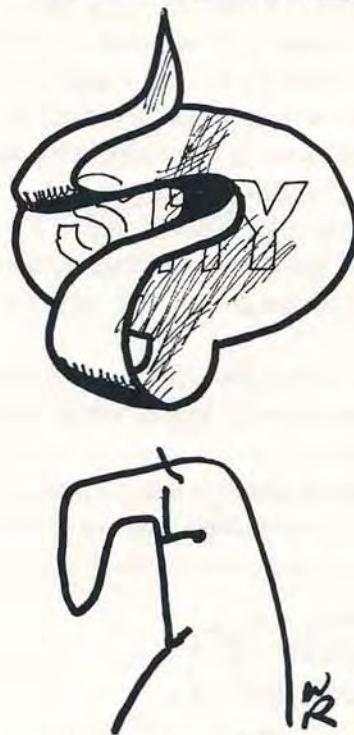
The difference between caution and cowardice may be slight, but it is crucial, not only in effect, but in the minds of those involved. Caution is positive; cowardice is negative.

He's not filled with himself—he's bloated.  
*Shannon Carse*

If men have "balls" as a metaphor for courage, shouldn't women have "eggs"?

Most of the people I've met who—secure on the side of "fine" art—can readily distinguish the difference between "fine" and "commercial" are people who seldom if ever sell. That keeps them safe from the accusation of being "commercial." *George Barr, 1977*

People "looking for their real self"  
always look out, not in.



Government has become another  
of man's natural enemies.

If we kept a true and accurate accounting of how we spent our money it would reveal our desires and dreams, our vices and impulses, our needs and our follies.

*Tomorrow: Idealized today.*

---

Reading is perhaps the most important skill civilized man can acquire. All the other media—films, tapes, computers, whatever—are fine, but in *addition* to that basic, flexible, useful skill. Reading is the fastest way to broaden your perceptions, for you feast upon the perceptions of thousands.

Reading is not a substitute for life, for living, but a focusing device, a filter, a menu. You can vicariously live ten thousand lives, experience a hundred thousand events, in the past, the present, the future, the never-was-and-never-will-be. Reading is a door, a road, an illumination, a treasure, an enlightenment.

Without the skill of reading you are trapped in the repetitious, in the limited area of one mind, one vocabulary, one set of experiences and perceptions. From reading you get information, thrills, knowledge, laughter, awareness, and a score of other useful and delightful things.

To not read is to live in a box, cut off from history, from science, humor, information, and those doors to other minds. Only fragments seep in though the cracks, for other media require technology.

Books are low technology, therefore they are cheap, will last, can be taken anywhere, require little care or maintenance, and yet can be assembled into libraries that can contain the known facts of the universe, the fanciful thoughts of genius, the brooding and wonderings of madmen and saints, the words of wisdom and the memories of a race.

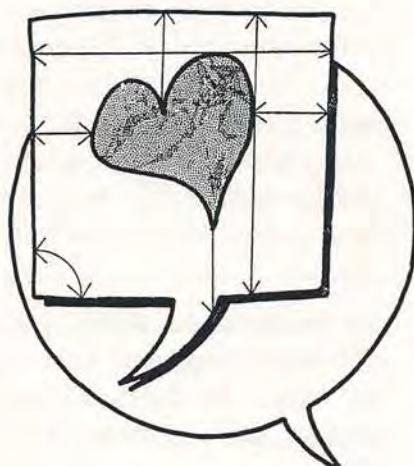
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The universe does not give first warnings. *David Gerrold*

---

Stop sin at the source! Eliminate the belief that an action or thought is a sin—it is either right or wrong, according to your code.

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#### **ONE OF THOSE WHO WILL NOT COMMIT THEMSELVES**

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Beware anyone who says,  
"Have you read all these books?"

---

You probably wouldn't brag about your ancestors if you knew them.

It is the cheap books  
that change things.  
No revolution or change of any sort  
was ever started  
by a "coffee table book."

---

At one time a person was formed by his or her genes. Today they are formed by jeans.

---

Waitresses, bartenders, underlings, prostitutes and psychiatrists learn to fake interest in the most boring of subjects.

I've done a lot of photography, still and motion, in a lot of places and under various conditions. I quickly discovered that you can't be afraid looking through a viewfinder. (Intellectually, yes, emotionally, no.) I mean, the danger seems so tiny and far off. This almost got killed or hurt a few times, but it got me good pictures, too.

Your best pictures come right in the middle of the middle of the action, or close to it, but you must never interfere, or give even a hint of interfering, with people engaged in dangerous activities.

I also found out, photographers don't fall off things. At least not very often. Without a camera if someone said, "Climb up that rickety tower," I'd say, "Are you mad?" But when I am a mild-mannered photographer and I see the best—or different—angle is up on that same rickety tower, I'd be up there in a moment. I think this is what separates the amateurs from the pros.

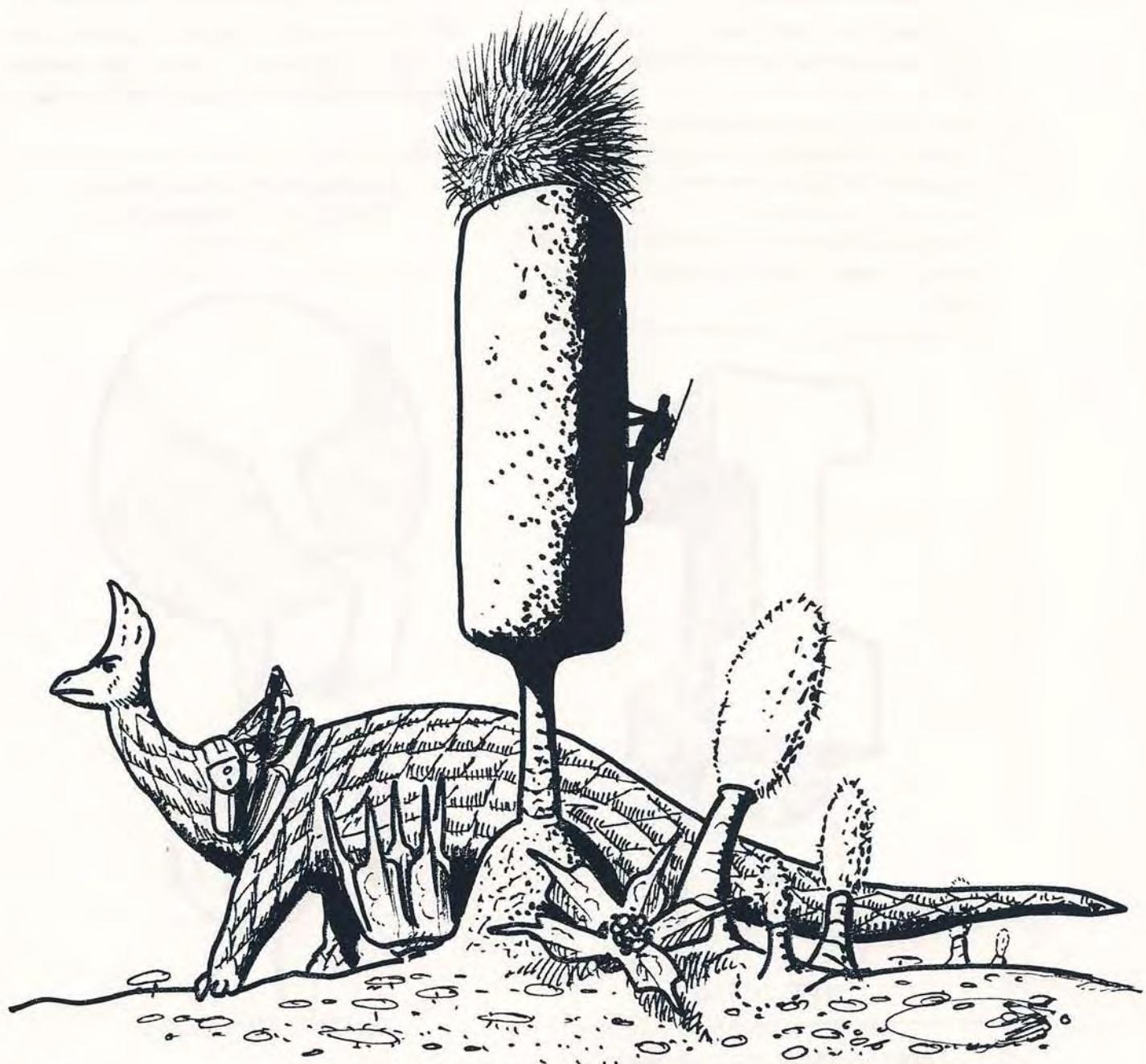
An unjust accusation makes us feel noble, brave, self-sacrificing, and a bit angry, when it is aimed at us. When we do the aiming, we feel petty, sneaky, clumsy, self-righteous, and guilty.

Wives and mistresses are never the same type. They might *look* like the same type, but something has been added or deleted from the mistress.

Divine guidance, prayer, meditation, appeals to a higher order, prayer—I believe all these to be a looking-within. We use "God" as a focusing point, asking him for help until we tell ourselves.



Every medium, every technique has those who find that area their particular feast. Look at actors. Once there was only the play, from start to finish, no retakes and live. Then came film and events shot out of sequence. No emotional line to follow from beginning to end. It takes a particular kind of actor who can discipline himself to these flashbacks and flashforwards. In the golden days of mime—if there ever was one—there were probably superb actors lost because art was in their voice. There are many fine artists born out of their time, in both directions.



SCOTT

ROSSLER '93

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From a darkened theater you look into life, heightened and selected life, into time and hearts and history. You look into all the emotions, all the passions, all the glory and greatness.

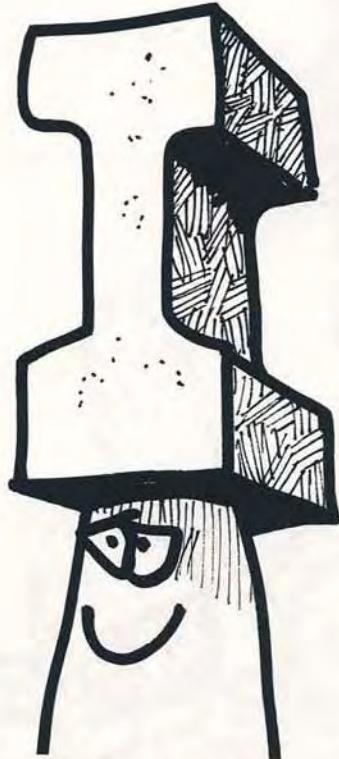
The storytellers were first, actors without theaters, on the stage of their own creation. The first of these were primitive hunters, telling stories of the hunt, of battle and deeds, courage and cowardice. They added details, refined, trimmed, shaped...and theater was born.

---

Too bad we can't buy a map of our romance and see where it leads.

You will never change the entire world.  
You won't be able to really change even  
yourself. But that's no excuse not to try.

Every life story has a prequel they won't  
let you read, and a sequel they can't  
find.



YUP, IT'S ME!

There are many ways of reaching  
the end from the same beginning  
*Shannon Carse*

Beauty is not contagious. Money is not  
catching. Fame will not rub off. Power  
is not an epidemic. Knowledge is not  
acquired by magic. Wisdom is not easy.  
Not even love comes free.

*JW*

There's no such thing as a meaningless sexual experience. There are sexual events which don't mean much, that's all.

Males cannot look at breasts  
and think at the same time.

*Dave Barry*



SECRET MEMORIES

Sex is best in person.

Some people treat every problem as if  
they had a hammer and your heart, soul,  
ego and pride are nails.

I admire more than enemy who is silent  
than a friend who is always  
complaining.

One cannot use a battering ram on the gates of Paradise,  
*Images of Love*

Both the religious and the irreligious say things which are impossible to prove: That there is/is not a God and an Afterlife, and that under stress all are/are not Believers.

We constantly assess those around us: Good guy, nice guy, pleasant woman, she'd be good in bed, no way am I getting involved, he's creepy, sweet, attractive, dull, what's his problem? We write synopses of instant scripts: What would it be like to work with this person, what would they be like in bed, is he always weird, is she really that snobbish? What would they we like to share with, be in trouble with, laugh with, live with? What would they be like under stress? Drunk? Without that wife or that husband? We do it in milliseconds, without thinking in many cases, but we do it and don't stop.

We all know the bores among us, the social lepers we seek to avoid with even transparent excuses. We mark them with invisible signs and flee. If we can.

If the Ten Commandments were to be published for the first time today, this would be likely to happen: Feminists would charge discrimination; blue noses would censor out "covet" and "adultery;" an environmental impact statement would have to be filed; liberals would say He was too harsh on sinners and reacitonaries would want to add five more; unions would demand a two-day Sabbath; progressive teachers would say the one about honoring your parents were too authoritarian; the law courts would be jammed with suits; other churches would hollar about unfair invasion; psychics would uncover three more; and Hollywood would option at least two—subject to revision and rewrite.

Let's finish the revolution they started.

*Theodore Sturgeon*

Books, like women, should be enjoyed past the climax then given back to their owners.  
*Gerald C. Fitzgerald*

Most family trees have crop failures.

*Shannon Carse*

Editors and publishers are the midwives of books, not the parents. They sometimes forget that.

I'm running away to join a media circus.

We are obviously in the middle of another youth-oriented fashion revolt. The punk styles of the 1980s is aggressively unnatural, whereas the last fashion revolution, that of the 1960s hippies, was aggressively natural. (1985)

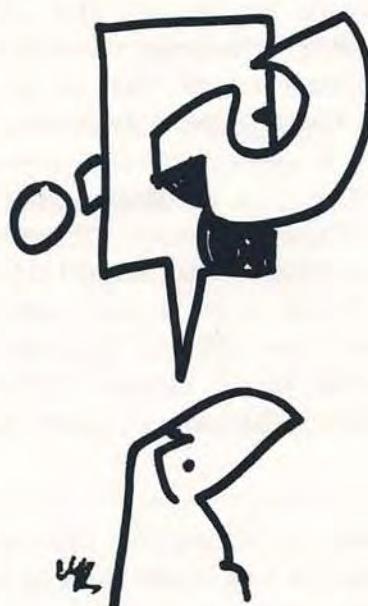
The theory is, if you stay old-fashioned long enough you come back in fashion. But there are some fashions you never want to return.



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Look for lust in marriage, but don't expect it to last. Look for wit and intelligence, for they do last, or should. Look for charm, but know it ay be transient. Look for humor and companionship, for they do last.

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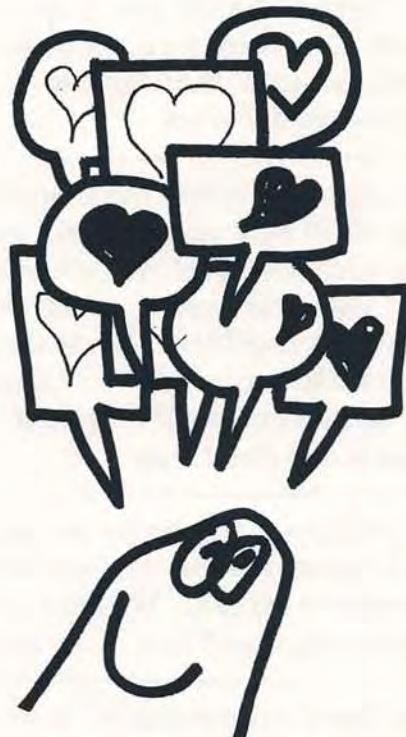
WHAT?

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The way a man talks privately to other men about women is an embarrassingly naked way to see how he feels about them, individually and as a gender.

---

Art does not reproduce the visible; rather, it makes visible. *Paul Klee*



LOVER

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No amont of skillful invention can replace the essential element of imagination. *Edward Hopper*

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Too many laws  
means too many lawbreakers.

Love is thicker than like.



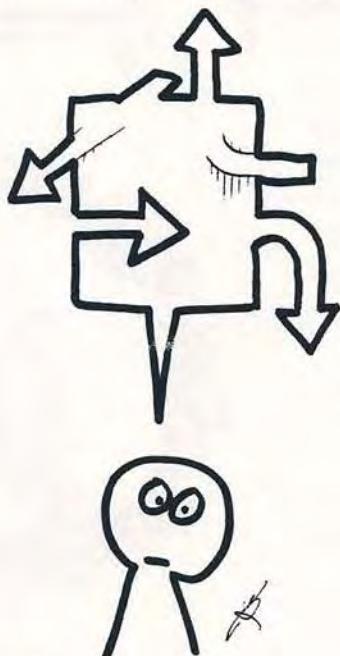
LIFE

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Censors are pretty sure to be fools.  
*James Harvey Robinson*

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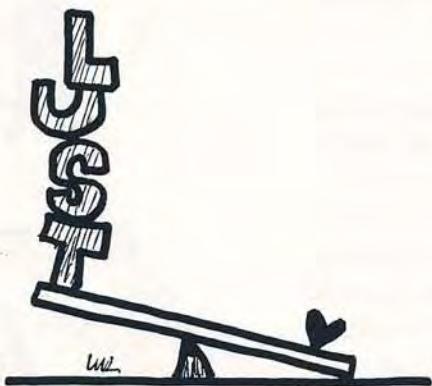
A pessimist looks at himself and sees everything that is wrong; an optimist looks and sees everything that is right; a realist looks the other way.



CONFUSED

For every slum there is a green valley, an ocean, a cloud. For every trash heap there is a mountain, a sunset, a star. For every rusty can there is a tree, for every graffito there is a stream. We have not completely polluted our world. Not yet.

Early risers believe in love at first light.



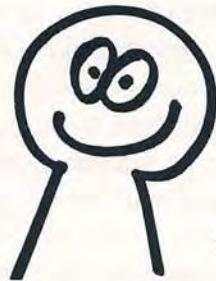
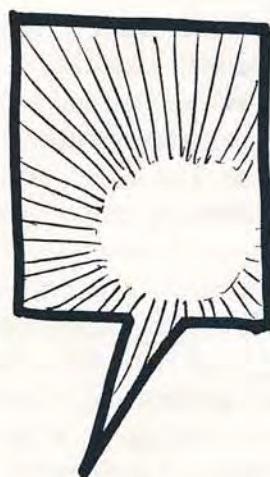
Uncautious words escape like tigers.

Without microphones and studio manipulations three-quarters of today's singers couldn't be heard. Many still can't, even with electronic help.

Great ladies are not necessarily gentle women.

There are no new ways to seduce, there are only people who haven't learned them all.

The greatest pleasure comes when you are old enough to know what you are doing and young enough to do it anyhow.



ar

IDEA

Love is the most uncontrollable force there is. It doesn't react to logic, reason, reality or common sense. It just is.

---

We only wear specialized hats these days—uniform hats, baseball caps, rain hats, hard hats, and helmets—and anything else is an affectation.

---

It takes a lot of living to produce one mediocre epigram. It takes a lot of thinking about a lot of living to create one good epigram.

---

Most of us could not fill a small bus with genuine friends, even if we were on the road to happiness.

---

We all make up beliefs to support our prejudices.

---

To some men women are collectibles.  
To some women men are collectibles.  
Which means far too many people are objects.

---

*A William Rotsler Mini-Dictionary*

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**dogma:** (1) Tired out rhetoric. (2) Lumped together clichés.

**fame:** When more people know you than you know.

**parking lot:** Hitching post for horsepower.

**snob:** When you fail math because you won't find the common denominator.

**wisdom:** The ability to tell people about what they already know in a way they can understand.

---

Fame is when you see a name you not only recognize it but know the reason he or she is famous. The next lower rank is when the words which follow the name—author of, doctor, job description, rank, etcetera—triggers your memory, recognition, and acceptance of authority.. The lower rank after that is just the same except your memory is not triggered, and you take the credits on faith.

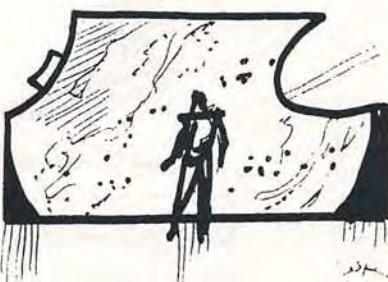
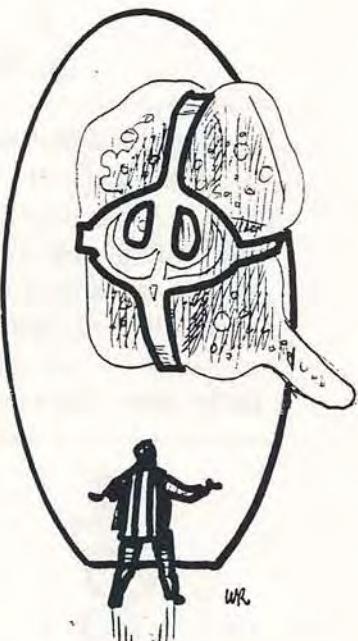
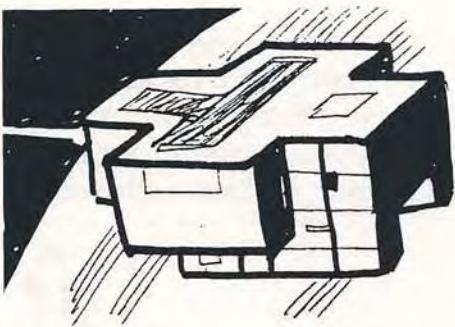
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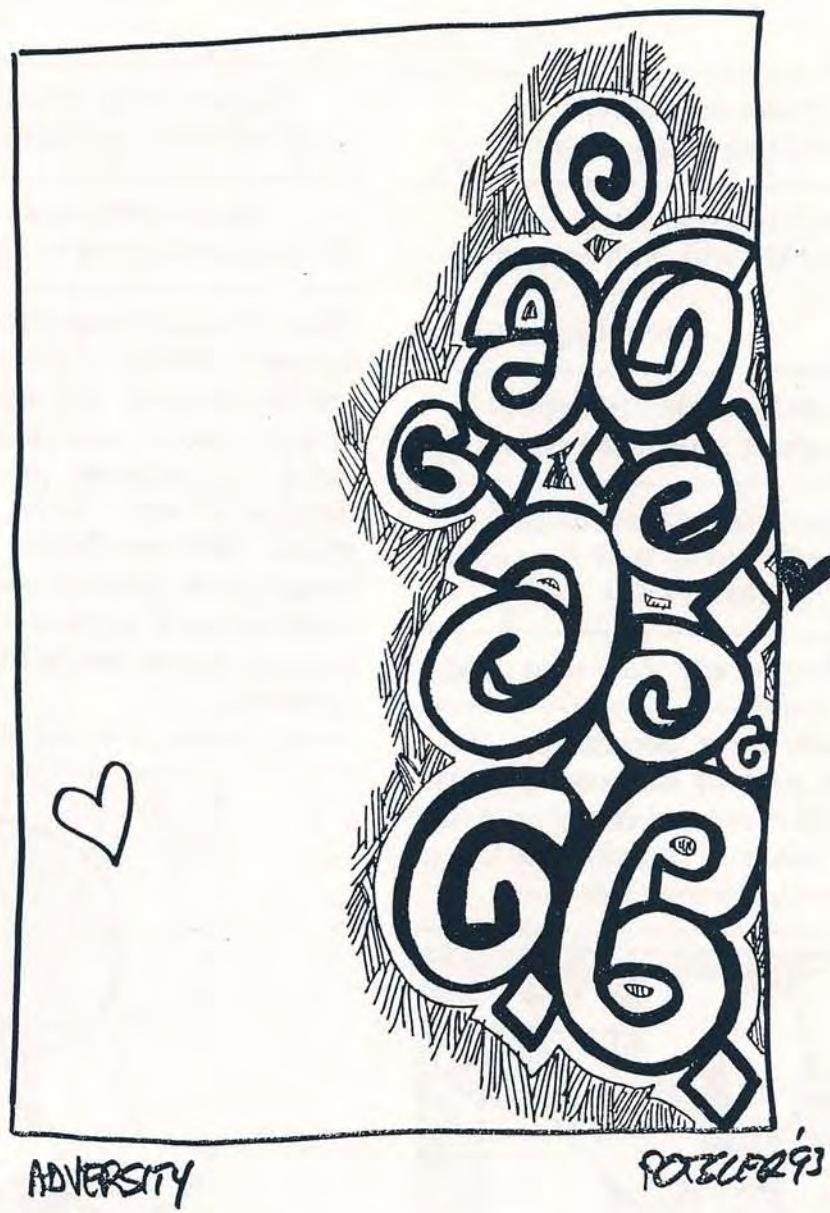
It is more important to be successful as a person than as a business or public person. They interact, but if you have to make a choice, pick you, the real you.

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It is a cliché that you learn more from your mistakes than your successes, but it is still true. A success seems natural, obvious, deserving and earned, while a failure seems unfair, cruel, prejudiced and critical.

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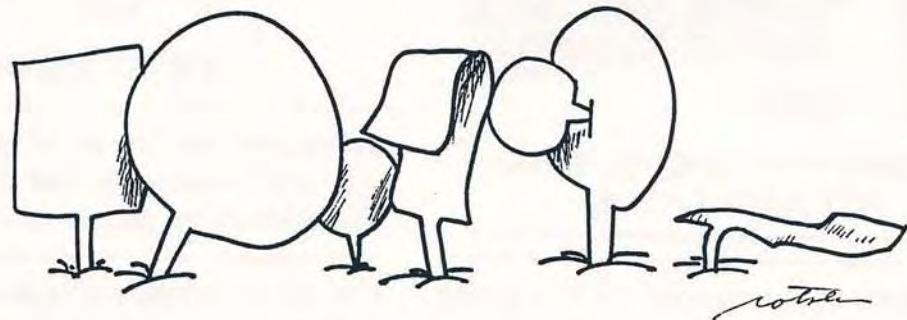
ADVERSITY

ROSSER '93

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Dollars and cents go together naturally, but dollars and sense are not so natural.

---



THE SPEECHES OF FAMOUS POLITICIANS

I'd toot my own horn,  
but I can't carry a tune.

I am my own worst enemy,  
one I cannot kill with club or tooth  
or claw.

from *Images of Love*

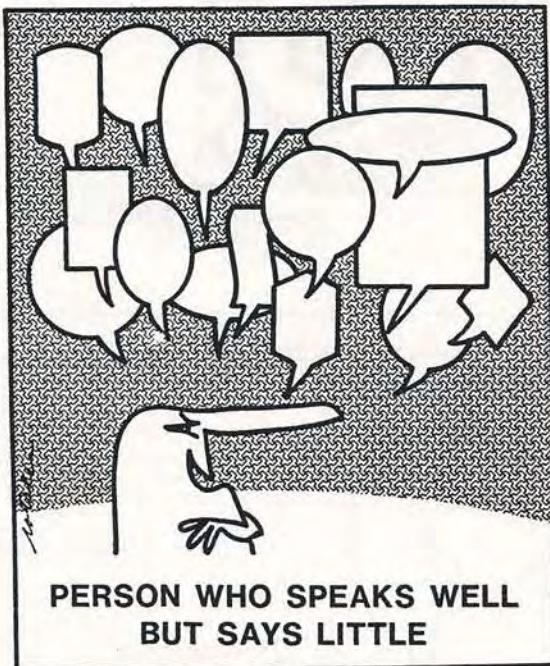
Ignore him. He's trying out  
this week's personality on me.

If you want the rainbow,  
you gotta put up with the rain.

Dolly Parton

You never get any older than dead.

Vapor trails have become an almost unnoticed part of our contemporary skies, which is notable considering they they are some of mankind's largest achievements, however nebulous.



An astronaut is someone who is going  
spaces.

Shannon Carse

The best thing education can do  
is make you available to yourself.

She's a very busty woman:  
she can stand closer to you than anyone.

When it comes to sex, don't let anyone tell you what gives you pleasure. Find out for yourself. Try whatever appeals to you, and if you decide it doesn't, carry on without guilt. *Taste* the banquet of sex. Make up your own menu. But *you* decide. Do not permit social mores, religion, convention, pride, social or racial barriers, shyness, or peer group pressure decide for you, either for or against.



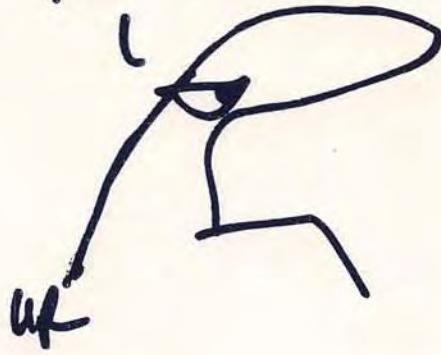
THE REAL THOUGHT

There are two kinds of people: Those who took shortcuts and formulae, and those who keep an eye on the horizon.

I've never heard her con-verse at all;  
just verse.

George Barr, 1977

YOU'RE NOT  
REAL - YOU'RE  
NEVER REAL



NO, NO!  
SINCERE!  
I'M NOT  
SINCERE!

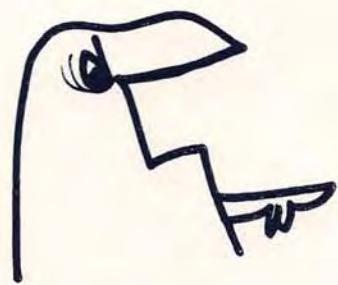
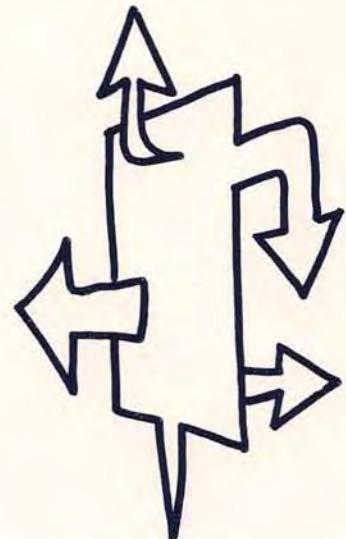
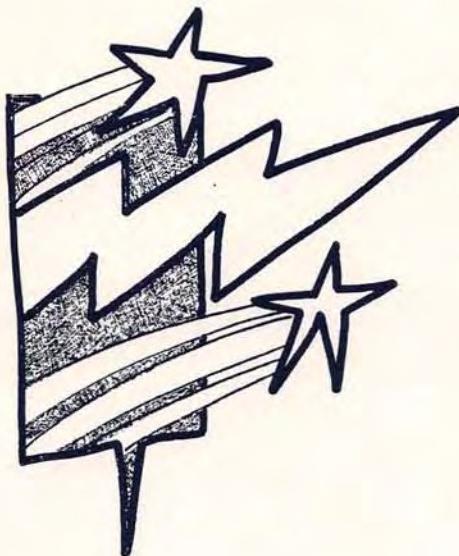


HEY, MISTER,  
GET AWAY FROM  
MY ELEPHANT!



SUCH THINGS  
WERE NOT MEANT  
TO BE KNOWN -

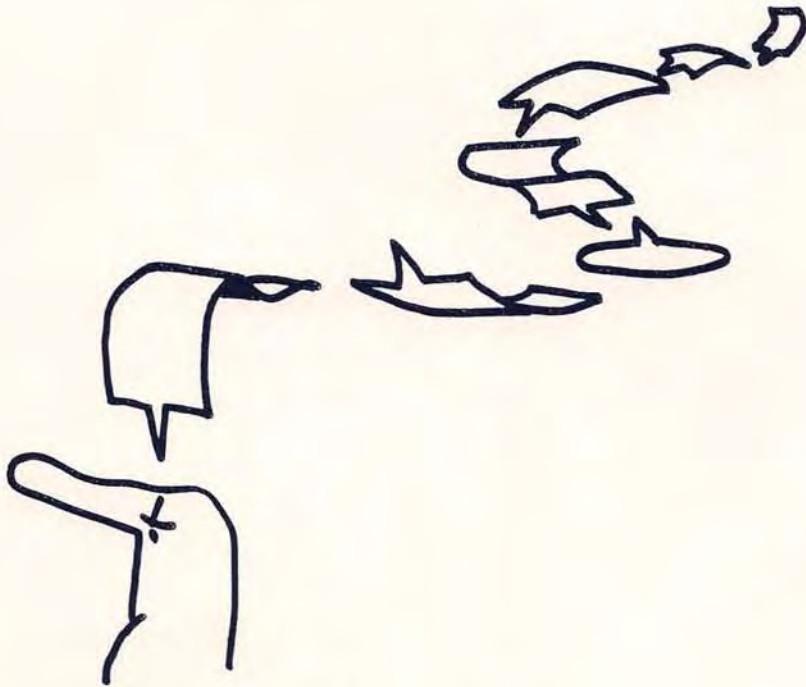




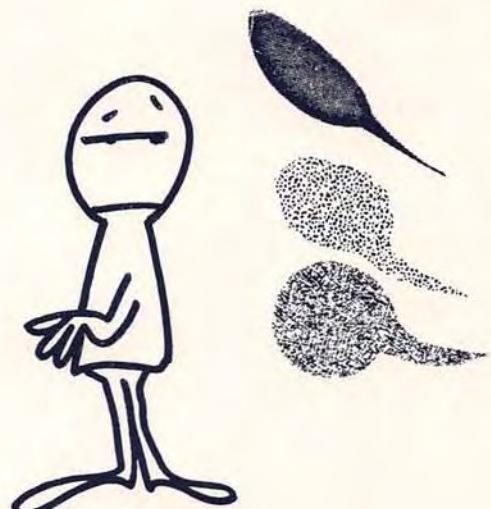
PROPHET

THE MILITARY

DIRECTIONS



POEMS LOST IN THE WIND



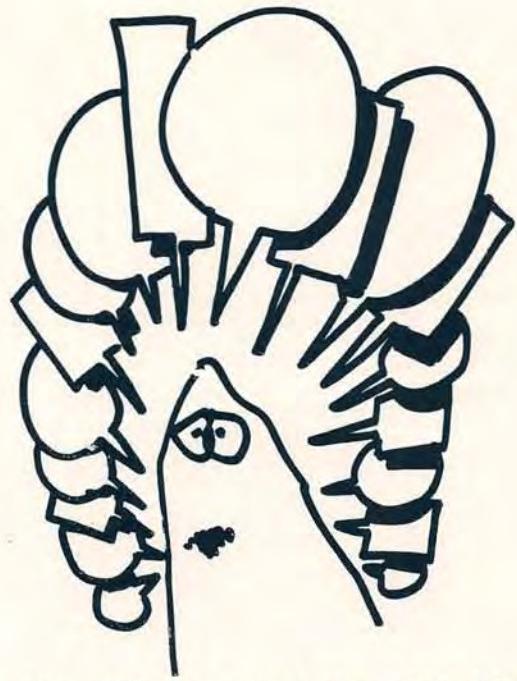
MURMURS



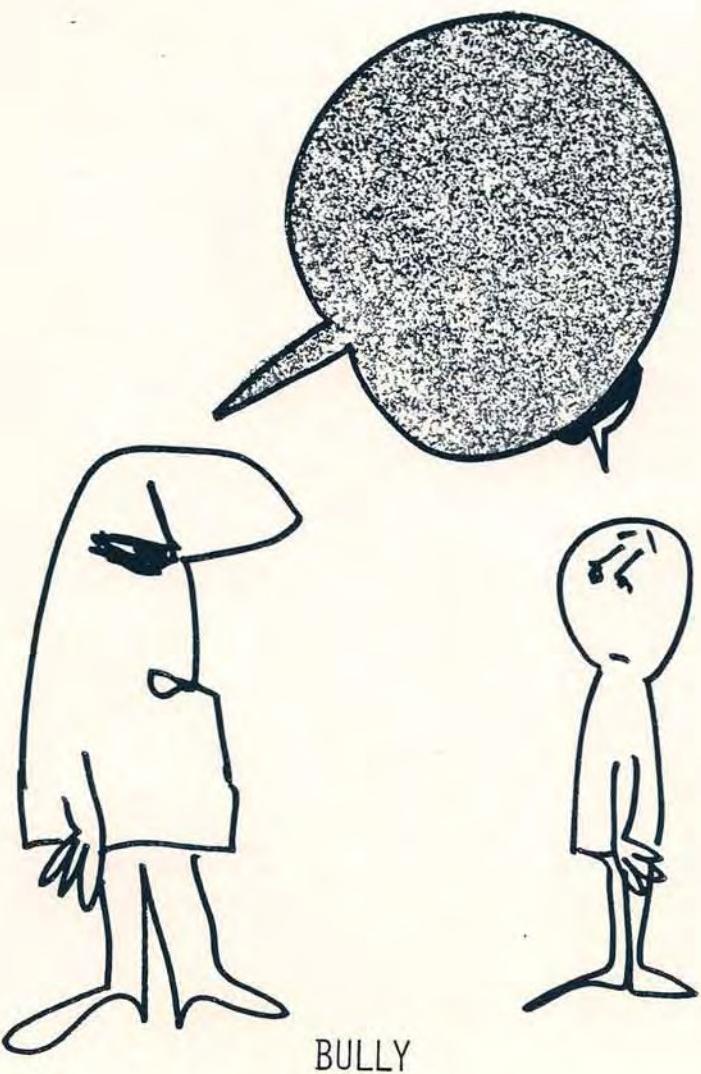
WINO



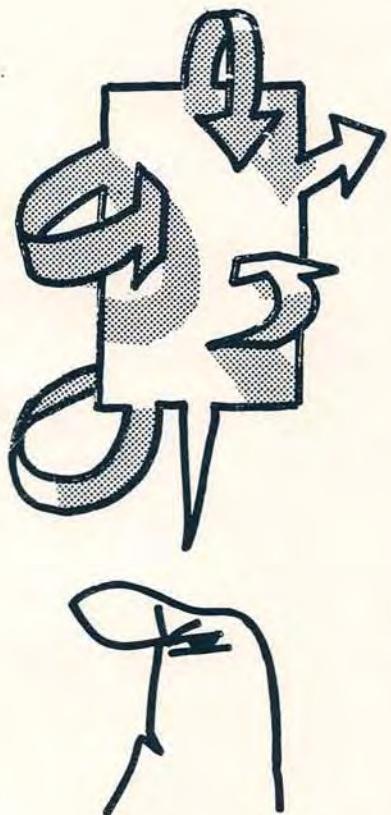
SUSPICION



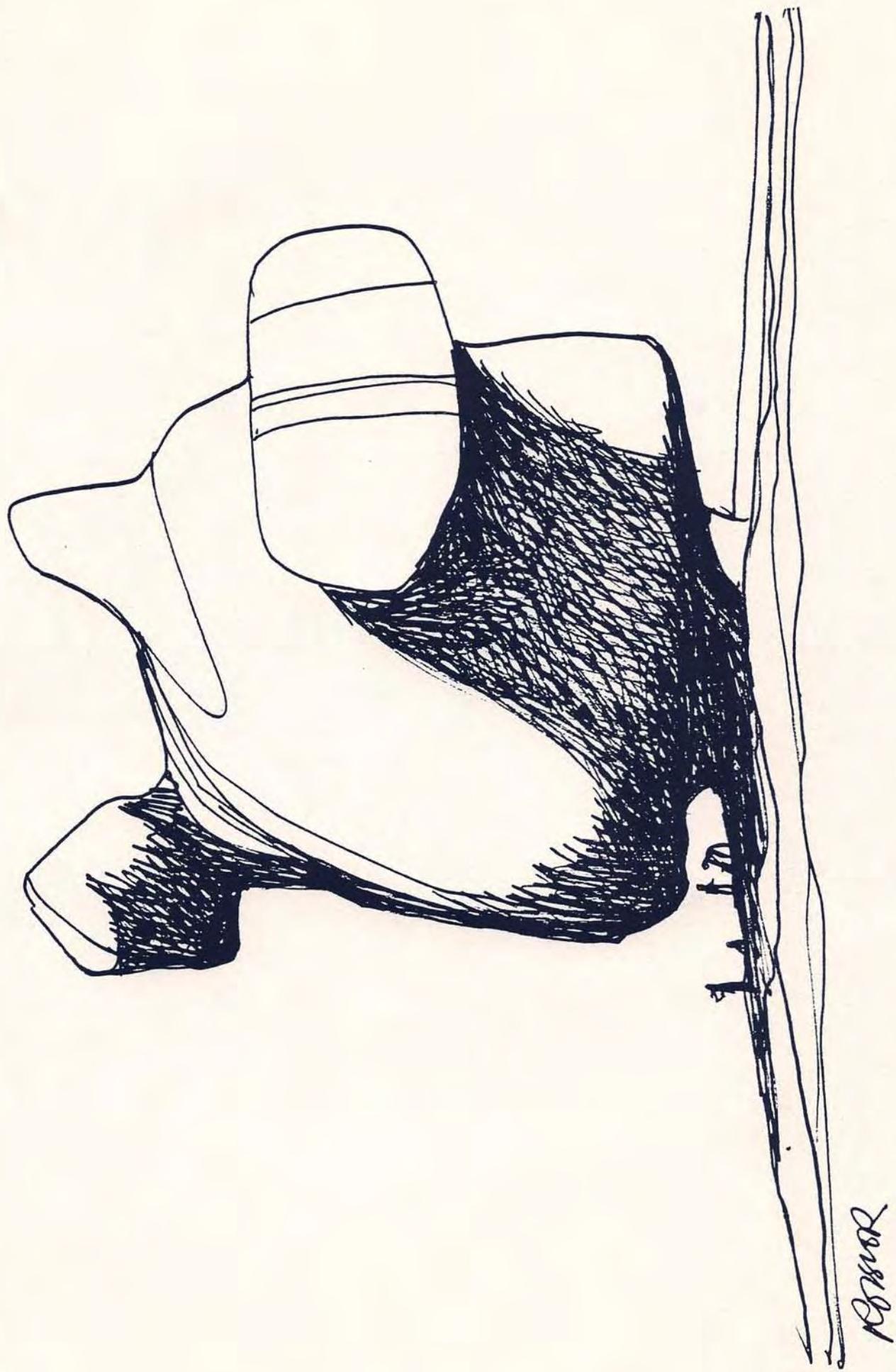
ALL THE THINGS YOU'VE EVER SAID  
COME BACK TO HAUNT YOU



BULLY



SELF-INCRIMINATION



POWER

WE ARE ALL A RESULT OF INFLUENCES

